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THE TRUE IDEA OF RELIGIOUS UNION.

IN the warfare of modern religious thought, there is no subject more earnestly canvassed than that of the reunion of Christendom in the bonds of religious concord and amity. The ready and, in fact, the only solution of the problem has been given by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., who, on the eve of the assembling of the Vatican Council, extended to the Greek and Protestant churches an invitation to return to the unity of the Catholic faith, as to the only basis on which the proposed reunion could be effected. But the Oriental Church, though manifesting a desire to consider the Pontiff's paternal proposition, is so abjectly dependent upon a despotic and anti-Catholic government that she was forced to dissemble her views, were such favorable to a return to the bosom of the Church. Protestantism suffered the invitation to pass unheeded.* Still, though rejecting the

Pope's plan of union, Protestantism in England, Germany, and America has not relinquished its oft-disappointed, and as often revived, hope of linking its own discordant sects in some bond of unity, and, this reunion accomplished, of connecting itself with the "older forms of Christianity that reside in the Latin and Greek churches."

Thus the Protestant mind of England, which has devised innumerable plans of union with the Catholic Church—plans which the Church, on principle, could not accept—is at present profoundly interested in an attempt to effect the alliance of the Anglican and Greek churches. The unpalatable truth is admitted, even by its most ardent adherents, that the Church of England is kept alive only by royal patronage; that, in fact, it exists only as a state institution, hallowed by the traditional affections of the people, and, perhaps, revered as a relic on which antiquity has laid her consecrating hand. It is hoped that it can be vitalized by blending

* The few Protestant Synods and Conventions which took formal action upon the Pope's letter, returned evasive, and in several instances, insulting replies.

with the more vigorous and fervid spirit of Christianity which seems to pervade the Greek Church; though how this alliance can be formed, except at the sacrifice of the distinctive tenets of Anglicanism, does not clearly appear. For the Greek schismatics, though separated from the Catholic Church for many centuries, retain, nevertheless, nearly all her doctrines.

The decadence in Germany of the spirit of the Reformation is also exciting the alarm of the Protestant world. There, Protestantism has reached the third and last stage of its existence, verifying to the letter the prophecy of the far-seeing Bossuet, who inferred from the natural development of the cardinal Protestant principle of private judgment, that Protestantism, after passing through the intermediate stages of rise and decline, would at length find its level in Rationalism. Indeed, in order to rescue German Protestantism from the gulf of infidelity into which it was rapidly sinking, the two leading sects in Germany, Lutheran and Calvinist, formed, some years back, an apparent union, and under the title of "Evangelical Church," celebrated their alliance as an event that betokened for Protestantism a glorious era. To-day the tidings come that this forced union has only hastened the destruction it was designed to avert; for Lutherans and Calvinists cannot meet on a common ground of doctrine, whilst their alliance is stigmatized by other sects as a formal ratification of religious indifferentism.

In our own land the process of Protestant disintegration has not been so rapid as in Germany and

England, owing mainly, we believe, to the peculiar cast of the American mind, which troubles itself but little with philosophical or theological speculation. But the influence of English agitation and German skepticism, combined with the introduction into America of a more searching religious criticism and a deeper philosophy, has directed the popular mind, in the United States, to a closer examination of Protestant principles and practices. The result of this inquiry is evidenced in the vague feeling of uneasiness, in most circles of Protestant religious life, and in the ill-concealed reproach made through the columns of leading secular journals, that Protestantism, after a century of unclouded prosperity and of almost universal support, has not bettered the moral condition of this nation; that it expends all its energies in petty squabbles over the dead and buried theories of the Reformation period, and brings no remedy to the great social and moral evils that afflict the present generation of struggling humanity; that, to the cry of a people famishing for the bread of life it offers but the husks of religious sentimentality; that, in fine, it is not a religion for the *people*, as it neither pulsates in harmony with the people's humble joys, nor sympathizes with the people's crying sorrows.

Mingling with these complaints, in which we detect the American peculiarity of applying to every system, religious, political, or scientific, the favorite test of serviceableness, there is also the more thoughtful complaint of a class of Protestants who, having studied the doctrines and polity of the prim-

itive Christian Church, find the modern Protestant system at variance therewith. These clamor for a thorough reorganization of Protestantism, on the basis of primitive Christianity. But the largest portion of our Protestant community consists of practical-minded men who, struck with the rapid spread of Catholicity in these States, have inquired into the secret of the Church's success, and found it to reside, as they imagine, in the unity of spirit in which Catholics organize and engineer religious undertakings, and in the unity of faith which inspires this unanimity. They are convinced that the future efficiency, if not existence of the Reformed churches, depends upon the consolidation of the various sects, the union of discordant branches of the same sect, and a universal alliance of denominations which, for the sake of Protestantism as a system, will consent to destroy their specific identity, and to sink their individuality in some general church-form. To consummate this "Evangelical Alliance," it was proposed to hold a convention in the city of New York last September, but the design has since been deferred, or altogether abandoned.

The proposed convocation of such an assembly has, however, elicited from all Protestant quarters the views of religious union which the different sects entertain. Among the innumerable methods, systems, and theories advanced, two plans of union appear to meet with the favor of the majority of sects. These are:

1. A broad sympathy, which will bring into close communion the

members of the various Reformed churches, in order to exhibit to the world a Christian fellowship consistent with the retention of distinct sectarian religious convictions, so that, though diverse in forms, the Protestant churches may be knit together in a real union of spirit.

2. A union based on unity of faith. This basis to be determined by the teachings of the Holy Scriptures, and to be ratified by the solemn covenant of all the churches.

We purpose showing that neither plan of union is possible on received Protestant principles. The impracticability of the first plan is shown from the consideration of the nature and scope of every union, and from the peculiar character of a religious union. The impossibility of the second plan is demonstrated from the impossibility of a unity of faith in Protestantism.

The idea expressed by the word *union*, is the state or condition of oneness, arising in a moral union, such as is proposed by the first plan of Protestant fellowship, from a recognized authority. The idea also implies the exclusion, or voluntary withholding of views or opinions which may clash with this authority, or tend to deprive it of its power. For the conflict of ideas and the antagonism of thought which result, of necessity, from the encounter of minds, would, in time, disorganize any union whose members would refuse to acknowledge the control of some authority over their individual prejudices and opinions. This authority serves as the principle or centre of unity, and its property is to conserve and consolidate the elements that form the

union. Every power or influence that tends to preserve a moral alliance, is, in the ultimate analysis, founded and rests upon this principle of authority. In the scientific order, the circle of sciences, physical and mental, finds its centre of unity in the summary of primitive truths which philosophy unfolds. These are assumed as infallible in every demonstration, and underlie the entire structure of human knowledge, serving as the principle of the harmony and correlation of the sciences. The temple of Science is based on the absolute certitude, the infallible authority of these truths. To shake them, is to overturn it. In the civil order, the principle of union in governments is expressed in the harmonious, efficient, and legitimate action of a triple tribunal—the legislative, executive, and judiciary. By the same great law of authority, society, which is only a vast union, is held together; for society originated neither in a conventional pact, nor through the usurped ascendancy of the strong over the weak; but its elements were co-ordinated in the beginning by God, “that every soul might be subject to the higher powers that bear not the sword in vain, for all power is of God.”

Union, therefore, supposes authority. Hence a religious union, as such, postulates the same condition of existence, and is brought under the same law. But we cannot conceive of a real, true, religious union, conserved by any principle or centre of unity, any authority, which is not divinely constituted. For the end of a religious union cannot be attained,

except through means which necessarily demand divine assistance and counsel. A religious authority must impose laws and precepts, decide controversies, direct the conscience and mind of the united, in a word, consult for their eternal salvation—the primary and direct end of such a society. No merely human authority, it is clear, can possess such powers. Were an unauthorized man or men to bind the conscience of such a union, he or they would be impiously assuming a divine prerogative, a power which God alone can delegate.

A true religious union supposes, therefore, an authority set up by God, and invested by Him with the spiritual power and jurisdiction necessary to the government and direction of a society whose end is the salvation of its members. Hence the seat of authority in a true religious union must possess powers of a higher order than those held by the civil authority; for the sphere of the latter is the external and temporary: its end is the public, material good, which is attainable through merely human means. The sphere of a religious authority, however, is the heart and conscience: its end is the eternal and spiritual good of its subjects.

The possibility of the first union proposed by Protestantism, depends, therefore, on two conditions: first, an authority which all the sects will respect; second, an authority in its origin and powers divine. If either condition is wanting, there can be either no union at all, or, no true religious union. That the first condition cannot be placed is evident from the number and diversity of sects that would

attempt this union; from the countless discordant doctrines to be reconciled, the differences of opinion to be harmonized, the repellant attitudes of separate sects, and the total failure which has attended every former effort to unite Protestantism on this basis. But were there any common principle of union, any accepted authority, any basis for an alliance, in Protestantism, even the difficulties arising from such diversities might be eventually removed. But no. The essential principle of Protestantism is the right of private judgment, a right never more strongly insisted upon than at present, when the older sects have rejected or greatly modified the symbols and confessions of faith, constructed by the fathers of the Reformation. This principle is in direct and fatal antagonism to union; yet only by rejecting it, can the way to union be partially cleared. Hence the first plan is impossible. A union cannot subsist without the principle of authority, and in Protestantism, every man is his own authority. The very holding of any convention, board or council to take measures or adopt resolutions looking towards a union of sects, is at variance with the principle of private judgment. For how can the members of such a convention be termed the representatives of Protestants, or the exponents of Protestant thought? Representation implies union. It imports that the constituents of the representatives have a clearly defined and uniform policy or creed, the exposition and defence of which they intrust to their representative, as to their spokesman and interpreter.

But the members of a Protestant convention cannot represent the strictly individual religious notions, which each Protestant as such has formed. No convention, on Protestant principles, can possess, or be invested with, the power of drawing up a religious constitution, or fixing the conditions on which sects may unite in Christian fellowship. Or, if the sects cede this power to an assembly of men guided by no uniform principle, and not even claiming to be divinely commissioned, they, in so far, give up Protestantism's essential note as a religious system. If they retain this power, to judge for themselves, there can be no union, no brotherhood or fellowship, in the sense of a true religious union. They may vote themselves united, but the union will exist only in name.

The truth is, this plan is nothing but an attempt to convert Protestantism into Indifferentism. It is the proclamation of the doctrine that a man may believe what he finds most convenient; that Christ founded no particular religion; that God—Infinite Truth—is as well pleased with the worship shown him in one creed, as he is by that shown him in its contradictory. In justice be it said, all earnest and good Protestants regard such a doctrine with horror. To this plan, however, the principles and modes of Protestant thought in this country appear to tend. Else, what is the meaning of those sermons that week after week resound from leading Protestant pulpits, about the progressive energy of Protestantism, about Christianity's disencumbering it-

self of old theories, exclusive views, old school doctrines? Why do so many Protestants lay such stress upon the necessity of cherishing a "broad sympathy" for the members of every denomination, even of those which openly deny the divinity of Christ? This sympathy is so broad that it has embraced Unitarianism, for the Commentaries of the late Albert Barnes are used as a Scriptural text-book in* most Sabbath schools in this country, though Barnes unequivocally denies the proper divinity of Jesus Christ.*

Hence, sincere and pious Protestants reprobate the first plan of union, and anxiously inquire whether the second is possible? Can there be a Protestant unity of faith? To answer this question, and to show that the answer to it must be in the negative, we must determine what the unity of faith is or where it resides, for as an object of search, its existence somewhere is supposed.

Faith, then, in its scriptural meaning, is the assent which our intellect accords to divine testimony. It is pronounced by the Apostle "a gift of God," that is, a grace, inasmuch as we cannot make a salutary act of faith until our intellect is illumined and our will moved by grace. By a common figure of speech, the word faith, strictly signifying this virtue, this grace-moved assent, is applied to the code or collection of truths which have been revealed to the race by God, "who, at sundry times, and in divers places, spake in times past to the fathers, by the prophets; but who hath, in these latter days,

spoken unto us by his Son."* For though the Creator left man at no period, utterly destitute of revelation, though in addition to the natural law graven on our hearts, he also gave one graven on stone—a visible external revelation of truths to be believed, and of duties to be performed—still, this revelation reached its complement and perfection in Christ Jesus, the Son of God, the Eternal Wisdom of the Father, the Word Incarnate dwelling amongst us, whose mission besides being redemptorial was also legislative and teaching. As the Master, the teacher of men, He disclosed new truths, set old truths in new lights, and left man a code of laws and a system of doctrines, on whose fulfilment and acceptance depends the eternal salvation of all to whom His Gospel is preached.

And as this manifestation of God in Christ was external; as the God-man was visible; as the truths He taught and the doctrines He established, and the laws He imposed were all outwardly proclaimed, so this revelation of Christ was to be conserved and promulgated throughout all time, by a visible, external ministry. We find accordingly that Christ chose twelve men whom He commissioned as His representatives, as the depository of His sacred doctrine and the organ through which His revelation was to be published to the world. These He formed into a society, appointing one of their number, Peter, its head, or in His own expressive words, placing him as the foundation-stone of His Church. Peter He likened to Himself, as the chief

* Barnes's Notes on Epistle to the Romans, 1:4.

* Heb. 1.

bishop of our souls, the law-giver of the Church. He styled him the key bearer, the head and pastor of the fold, and consequently conferred upon him a primatial power, thus centralizing the supreme authority, and therefore, the Church's principle and centre of unity in Peter and his successors, on whose shoulders was thus laid for all time, the burden of a universal and supreme pastorate.

The Church bent on the sublime mission of truth-bearer to the nations, Christ fitted with a simple yet perfect organization by which it could preserve its continuity, its regular succession of pastors, and so accomplish its end of leading the human race to God. As teacher she was invested with full authority: "Go teach all nations."* Her commission was the same as Christ's: "As the Father sent me, so send I you."† "He that hears you, hears me." As the interpretest, her title-deed gave her power to decide on the meaning of Christ's words, the scope of His doctrines, the application of His principles. As the guardian, she was to hold eternal watch over the sacred deposit confided to her keeping. She was to suffer no innovation to be made in His doctrines. She was to preserve His code intact. In her teaching capacity, therefore, her essence was to reside. Were she to teach a false doctrine, propose a new dogma of faith, advance a belief not contained either explicitly or implicitly in the faith which Christ gave her to promulgate, she, at that moment, would lose her essential property, she would no longer be the teacher, the Church,

for an essential note failing, the subject which loses it, necessarily ceases to exist. But inasmuch as Christ guaranteed the perpetuity of the Church; inasmuch as His revelation was intended for all men and all time, and, consequently, the organ of that revelation was designed to be eternal, so the Church was to last to the consummation of the world. She was never to fail, never to lose her essential note as truth teacher: Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Behold I am with you (you teaching) all days. Behold I will send the Comforter—the Holy Ghost—the Spirit of truth, and He will teach you all truth and abide with you forever.*

Here is the plan which Christ took to preserve the unity of the faith. Environed by the safeguards which eternal wisdom suggested and omnipotence supplied, the Church was destined, through all ages, to keep one and undivided the faith of which she had been constituted the teacher and guardian. By reason, therefore, of her constitution and mission, the Church is one—one in the unity of her government, the fold presided over by the shepherd Peter—one in her unity of faith, so perfectly one in this latter unity that the slightest variation in her doctrines is impossible. "One Lord, one faith," exclaims the Apostle, thus implying that a multiplicity of faiths involves the same contradiction as a plurality of gods. Hence too, the idea of the Church as the faith-teacher, the faith conservatrix

* Matt. 28.

† John 21.

* Matt. 16. Jb. 28. John 14.

as brought out by St. Paul in countless ways—under the sublime imagery of the Body of Christ, His Bride, His undefiled one, the Pillar and Ground of truth, truth certainly, in the sense of revealed truth, so that only as presented by the Church can we know with certainty, what the truth of the faith is. Hence, also, the profound significance of St. Paul's and St. John's warnings against schisms, their commands to shun heretics, and their vehement exhortations to keep the unity of the faith. Hence, in fine, the pathetic earnestness with which Christ exhorts His followers to hear the Church teaching; His impressive description of the woes and calamities that follow dissensions; His mournful picture of a kingdom divided, of sheep wandering without a shepherd. True, He would send the Paraclete to teach His Church all truth. He gave her His solemn pledge that He himself would be with her to the end of time. But He knew that certain proud spirits would seek to introduce disunion into the Church. He saw that the human element in her would go after novelties. He beheld all the heresiarchs that would lead the simple-minded astray. And as a counter-influence against these dangers, He wished His children to be united in their obedience to His teaching Church. The Father commanded men to hear the Son. The Son, with no less solemnity, commands men to hear the Church. He prayed that His should be one, even as He and the Father were one.

And the divine efficacy of this prayer of Christ is revealed in the Catholic Church, whose one faith and one rule has transformed the

race into a brotherhood, a true Christian fellowship. She has broken down the barriers raised by natural divisions of the earth, political animosities, and national exclusiveness. Her multitudinous children, numbered among the dwellers in the iceberg homes of the North, the inhabitants of tropic climes, the nations seated amid the departed glories of the East, the hardy races that are opening out new fields of enterprise and empire in this Western land—all so distinct in interests, habits, government, tongue, and climate, rise up and call her blessed. All bow beneath her gentle sway. All hearken to the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Shepherd succeeding Peter, the Pastor to whom Christ intrusts his fold, to lead it unto the pastures of eternal life. And as according to the poetic conceit of Euripides, all things in nature formed a chain, the highest link of which was tied to Jupiter's chair, so does the Church realize this thought in a truer sense, for all her members, from the greatest prelate to the humblest acolyte, from the nobles in the land to the unnoticed workman in the obscurest walk of life, are linked in the bond of unity to the chair of Peter. Here is true Christian fellowship springing from unity of faith.

On the divinely conserved unity of faith and government in the Church, stand her other prerogatives and characteristics. Her sanctity pertains to her as the one church which Christ purchased with His blood. Apostolicity belongs to her, as in her as one the unbroken line of her prelates is kept. She is Catholic, inasmuch as she

is one in all time and every land. One in her language, liturgy, and sacrifice, she stands as an eternal priestess at the high altar of the universe, with the nations kneeling at her feet, and offers from the rising to the going down of the sun the pure oblation of Christ's body and blood beneath the mystic guise of bread and wine. One, her theological lore breathes the same spirit, preserves the same language, unfolds the same principles whenever a doctrine of faith is taught. One, her councils proclaim the same faith, formally defining as articles, truths which for the first time some heresy calls into question; or else, moved by the indwelling Paraclete, promulgating as an article of faith a truth believed from the beginning, but whose previous solemn definition was either inexpedient or not suggested to the mind of the Church by the Holy Spirit. Thus in our own day, in these times of unsettled religious notions, of false philosophical theories, of general social confusion, God has directed the light of faith full upon the Rock on which the Church is built in order to bring into bolder relief its eternal stability and unshaken firmness, so that men who are outside the Church, who are cast about by every wind and wave of doctrine, may lift their eyes out of the depths of error and see in the Rock of Peter a secure foothold and a heaven-provided refuge from the storm and the darkness. One, the Church possesses the principle which conserves unity, the authority and power which all her sons obey. She speaks as one having authority, and when her voice is raised in condemnation of heresy, her chil-

dren avoid the danger, and a momentary awe falls upon an impious and unbelieving world, like that which fell upon the scorers of Christ, when He rebuked them.

If Protestants, therefore, search for unity of faith, they will find it in the Catholic Church, and nowhere else. It is in vain to set up the Bible as a basis of unity, inasmuch as it imperatively demands and supposes a tribunal of doctrine, a living and infallible interpreter of its silent and mysterious oracles. Besides, the Bible does not claim the power of deciding controversies. Nay, it expressly states the establishment of a Church to which Christ intrusted the superintendence and regulation of matters pertaining to doctrine and the direction of souls. This Church was a fact in Christianity before a line of the New Testament was written. Moreover, Christ neither committed His revelation to writing, nor commanded His Apostles to employ that medium in teaching—a medium, by itself, the worst fitted for the preservation of the unity of faith, which, in that hypothesis, would have been left at the mercy of copyists and heretics, and to the varying whims and prejudices of every one. To unite on a Bible basis, each sect must sacrifice its cherished principles to the private judgment of a committee appointed to decide what Bible Christianity means. This would be a virtual admission of the Bible's unfitness to indicate what doctrines are to be accepted or rejected.

Nor can the sects frame any creed or symbol whose articles will be of so general, or, as they are termed, so fundamental a character

as to be acceptable to all denominations, and thus to furnish a common ground of unity of faith. For this unity, as we have seen, excludes any division in the articles of faith; its oneness being imaged in the unity of God. Who then shall dare say that some of the truths of God are relatively unimportant? Who shall undertake to assert that Christ's solemn judgment—"he that believeth not shall be condemned"—implies that faith in a few leading dogmas will enable the rejecter of others to escape this condemnation? Who shall presume to decide on the necessity of some doctrines and the uselessness of others, when God has revealed all, when all as coming from Him must have for us an inexpressible importance? The conclusion inevitably follows that union in Protestantism is impossible. In vain does it flatter itself that the Bible will introduce order into the chaos.

Yet in this "awakening of the

world to the great idea of religious union," the Church sees the initial movement of the grace of conversion, which, she trusts, God is about to give to Protestant Christendom. This ceaseless agitation among the sects, this quest of truth and yearning for unity, seem to prelude a Pentecostal outpouring of the Divine Spirit upon the world. It is our firm conviction that the expanding intellect of England and America, so long fettered by the irrational and unscriptural system of Protestantism, will soon shake off its thralldom. But as the reaction may result in positive infidelity, it is the duty of Catholics to pray God to give to all earnest thoughtful souls the grace of conversion to the true faith. England is already half Catholic, and America only needs our work and prayers, and she will embrace that Church under whose fostering care and love she alone can work out her grand destiny.

ST. CECILIA.

CECILIA! Patroness of song!
 Darling of celestial throng!
 Whose harp is wont so sweet to play,
 Whose organ nobly swells the lay.
 Of music who shall tell the charms?
 How music softens, soothes, alarms!
 How chills with horror, cheers with hope,
 Unerring meets her destined scope;
 Lifts the enraptur'd soul on high,
 To heavenly foretastes of the sky.
 Waft me, oh! Cherub, to thy choir,
 Where thou shalt sing, and I admire.

AN ADIEU TO OUR VILLAGE.

THERE is a well-known story of a poor prisoner for debt, who, having obtained his liberation by some general act of grace, ardently begged he might be permitted to end his days in the durance to which some forty odd years had accustomed him. I never thoroughly understood the force of this poor fellow's logic till a few days ago, when, by the accidents of life, the incident came home to myself.

I, too, am about to be liberated. I am set free to quit the village in which, for nigh twenty years, I have been a sojourner. Not, indeed, essentially a prisoner, in the sense of high walls and strong bolts; but all as much bound by the little ties of life to pass an existence within certain narrow limits, and conform to the ways and habits of a place, which, had I made the attempt, I should have found myself as unable to change or alter, as would the humble debtor aforesaid have been to introduce reforms into the Marsha -ea.

I cannot believe that the prisoner really liked his prison—liked its daily discipline, its uniform round of small observances, its dietary, or its company. I cannot imagine that any man could be so constituted that the want of freedom alone would not have weighed heavily on his heart, and impressed him with a painful sense of inferiority in comparison with the meanest of those who were free and at large. Nor can I picture to myself a creature whose mind would not stray at times beyond the walls of

his cell, and revel in some old remembered spot dear to his boyhood and bright in all the colors of early youth; but I can well conceive how, by the slow march of time, another nature gradually supplanted the old one—how the usages of a life of unbroken uniformity, bit by bit, entered into his very soul, and the outer world, the world outside the high walls, became to him as mythical as anything that may go on in one of the planets.

In many respects our village was wonderfully like a jail. First of all, the mode of life was singularly regular and monotonous. Every one did exactly like his neighbor; our dress, our diet, our hours of up-rising and down-lying, were all identical; we took pleasure in the same amusements; and had we ever arrived at the sensation of sorrowing for anything or deploring anything, I am sure our griefs would have been as identical as our joys; and lastly, as in a prison, each was there for something he had either done or had omitted to do; and here was a bond of fellowship stronger and more enduring than any other in all existence.

No one who has not worn the convict's jacket can form the slightest conception of the good-fellowship of the galleys. There is a freemasonry in fetters that passes all the mysteries of Noble Grands and Black Princes. The fact is, that everything in life has a relative significancy—we are rich or poor, strong or weak, great or insignificant, according to what im-

mediately surrounds us; and the coat which would pass muster very creditably in St. Giles's would be marvellous bad wear in Bond Street or Piccadilly. So is it of morals. Now, in our village, there were possibly some small things that a rigid moralist might have demurred to. I will not say that there might not have been, here and there, passing occasion for censure on this or on that; but one virtue I boldly claim for us, and I challenge Europe to dare a rivalry with it. We were, and we are, eminently tolerant. Whether this great quality came of the largeness of our natures generally, or of that long and intimate study of human frailty which passed under our eyes, or of both combined, I know not. I but vouch for the fact. I will not go so far as to say we were hopeful of human nature generally; for hope is a prospective quality, and we were all too essentially wrapped up in the present to waste a thought on what was to come: but we had great store of that charity which thinketh well of all things; and what a balm must it have been to many a crushed and wounded spirit to have known that there was one small spot in Europe, a mere village if you will, where no memory of by-gones could reach him! or if they came, could they affect his fame or touch his fortune! Wolves and lambs, we all lay down together, with the tacit understanding that the habits were to be those of a peaceful sheepfold, and that in these pasturages, at least, none was to devour his neighbor. And now I am going to leave all this, and to venture upon a new penitentiary, where I don't even know one of my

fellow-prisoners, nor have I as much as seen the turnkey.

No wonder if I grow heavy-hearted if I think of it. I had grown so habituated to all here that life cost me no effort. I went on as a steamer does after the screw has ceased revolving—smoothly, quietly, wavelessly—getting each moment nearer to the mooring; and now I have to get up steam and be off to a new roadstead.

Has it ever, most bland reader, been your fate, when seated at a very pleasant little dinner with familiar and fond faces around you, to have received a sudden order from His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Kamtschatka, or the Hospadar of Taganraggenoff, to dine with him; an invitation which is a command, and to accept which you have to make a hurried exit from your friends, and hasten off with all speed to invest yourself in gold lace and embroidery, to qualify you for the supreme blessing of being intolerably bored? Now, I don't say that his Highness has sent for me, or that any such greatness imperils me; but I have received an intimation that my prison has been changed, and that I am now to be the denizen of a larger penitentiary, or I may go at large if I will.

With half the poor debtor's experience of captivity—for I have been but twenty years—I am reluctant to go. I am used to it now. I can take my little exercise in that short corridor just as well as over the side of a mountain; and the view out of my window, though it be only the common court where the other prisoners are playing, interests and amuses me,

to the full, as much as if a whole panorama of the Tyrol lay stretched before me.

Another thing, too: ours was a sort of model penitentiary, and people who were curious on such things came from all parts to look at us. We were not exactly a reformatory—I won't say that—but I believe I may assert, that there was such an instinctive love of order, such a native sense of decorum and discipline amongst us, that the system worked without warders or overseers; none complained of the dietary; and such a thing as a prisoner tearing his clothes, or making a noise in his cell, was a thing positively unknown. I am bound to admit there was no crank-labor, no oakum-picking, no stone-breaking; we did nothing all day long, and it was astonishing how we thrived on it. I don't believe there were five men in the institution who had earned as much as one day's subsistence all the time I knew it, and yet there was no discontent; there was not even ennui. If happiness be the test of a successful system, ours ought to have the gold medal. Scores upon scores of the curious who came to see the place ended by taking up their abode in it. We had our historical associations too; and a very respectable gallery of all the celebrities who had formerly adorned the establishment graced one of the wings, and strangers took a vast interest in this, particularly young ladies, who often came, accompanied by a convict "detailed" for the purpose, to copy a particular portrait.

Is it wonderful if I am sorry to leave it now? where shall I ever

find such felons again? Where shall I ever hear such a kind interpretation of all human motives, so many comforting assurances to those weak of virtue, and so many argumentative reasons for doing whatever one liked? Compared to the smooth path of existence here, all other roads in life are macadamized highways and bare feet. We are constantly told—I read it only last week in the "Times," in a leader about Mexico—that in every conflict between civilization and barbarism, it is the savagery gets the worst of it—that the spirit of culture is always the conquering spirit, and that the polished races sweep the uncivilized ones before them, by a law that never varies. Now, is it not strange that the theory is scarcely borne out by what one sees in the world of society? It is not the superior mind, the higher intelligence, or the greater refinement, which, leavening the mass, elevates the whole. It is exactly the reverse; people in the world of life take their tone from the lowest in intelligence, and the meanest in acquirement. We are not here without men and women of a thoughtful turn, some of them gifted with considerable faculties, and some who would make their mark on the society of any European capital; and yet in our village they are totally submerged and lost: swallowed up in the "gurgite vasto" of the universal nothingness that surrounds us, they give no sign of their existence, so that we are not crushed by mental superiorities, nor do we groan under the remorseless tyranny of that oppressive being—the man of cultivated understanding.

Is there then anything that we could complain of? I verily believe there is not. I never heard of a place so easy to live in, nor of people so easy to live with, where men are so temperate in their tastes, each satisfied with his own, be the fare ever so humble, so that no one sponges on his neighbor. There are no one-ideaed people running about in society, and boring you with some egotistical conception about prophecy or politics, the age of the world, or the advance of the Russian. We are neither historical nor speculative; the only deluge we take count of was a flood in the Arno; and our notion of original sin is connected with a rise in the price of tobacco!

Sitting here for the last time, "sub tegmine fig-tree," I am really sorry to think I am going away. Had I indeed had charge of some great "argosy," had I been in command of some "tall ammiral," it is not impossible I might have desired more sea-room and a wider ocean; but *my* existence, I own it in all humility, was a mere "canoe voyage;" and where could I have found a pleasanter rivulet to paddle in?

In the great centres of life—in Paris and in London—men's nerves are so tensely strung by the exciting interests of life, that they come into society weary, jaded, and exhausted. Now, in our village, there are no high themes, no eventful questions. We have no rich people to fret over a fall of the funds; we have no clever people to go mad over the scarifying criticism on their spec' or their novel; we are neither tormented with celebrities nor bored by ambitions. We are

all delightfully dull and charmingly commonplace; and the smallest of stories, or the flattest of jokes, would have a success with us such as the smartest repartee or the best anecdote would not obtain elsewhere; and, let me tell you, there is much in this.

We are all of us eager to know where we can live cheaply—where rent is low, and the markets reasonable—and where our sovereign is worth not twenty, but five-and-twenty, or even thirty shillings; and why not, I ask, seek for the same economy intellectually? Why not inquire where you can exist with a very small patrimony of brains, where you can compete with your neighbor on a very modest fortune of intelligence?

I am not ashamed of my cold mutton and my table-beer when I know that the gentleman next door is not dining on venison and Chambertin; and in the same way it reconciles me marvellously to the significance of my own life, its plodding monotony and its general worthlessness, when I can show every evening in the public garden a score or two of people just as idle, just as stupid, and just as good for nothing as myself.

Am I so certain I shall ever meet the like again? The very thought of going amongst active-minded, busy, bustling people, with interests to enjoy, and ambitions to stimulate them, actually stuns me. I have been chewing the opium of this drowsy Italian life so long that I cannot shake off the pleasant lethargy, and take to "THOUGHT" again.

Our village, too, had another advantage: it lay on a great high-road

to many more important places; and tired travellers liked it well as a place to rest in. The inns were good, the landlords civil, and not greater rogues than their colleagues elsewhere; and then, if a stranger fancied to defer his departure, and pass an extra day or two amongst us, such was our hospitality, such was the unsuspecting courtesy of our habits, he was at once presented with the freedom of the city, and there was not a house, from the Maire's to the Postmistress's, where he was not an honored and accepted guest.

More exclusive communities will exclaim against this, and cry out, How dangerous and how rash! Our experiences do not corroborate these fears; or, at all events, we are philosophers enough to balance the good against the evil, and we are content with the result. The luckiest fisherman will now and then find in his net some monstrous creature he is only too glad to return to the waves; and so is it in life. All our "takes" are not John Dorys.

Perhaps of all our characteristics the most striking was the tame indolent way we pursued our pleasures; for though we were essentially a people bent on enjoyment, and, in fact, thinking of no other thing, yet we never, as John Bull does, converted pleasure into a

business, and toiled like galley-slaves to amuse ourselves. We knew so well that to-morrow would be pretty much the same as to-day, that we had none of that exaggerated eagerness for enjoyment—that *carpe diem* zeal to condense our delights—which is so often seen at home. In fact, our object was rather to husband our resources for self-indulgence, than to make much of the occasions themselves; and this sentiment threw a certain graceful languor over intercourse, which coarser natures from the wrong side of the Alps mistook for lassitude!

Just as there are seas so buoyant that the worst swimmers can keep afloat on them, so are there societies where almost without an effort you can sustain yourself. Is it not sad to leave all this? I cannot grow young again, and rally back to hope and spring and ambition. I am somewhat footsore and weary of the road, and would rather see the old familiar street, whose every creaking sign whispers a welcome to me, than all the glories the German Emperor is displaying to his royal guests. I shall never see a sunset so beautiful as that which is now tinging those halls with opal. And there, yonder comes the moon over the top of the Apennines—the last full moon I am to see in Italy.

THE STORY OF THE MARQUISE DE DOUHULT.

ADELAIDE DE CHAMPIGNELLES, the daughter of Rogres de Champignelles and Jeanne de Laubrière, was born on the 7th of October, 1741. Her father's name, or title as we may call it, preceded by the aristocratic particle *de*, was derived from the small country town of Champignelles, about nine leagues from Auxerre, where the family château and estates were situate. According to custom, she received her education in a convent, seeing very little of the world, except the world of nuns and father-confessors, and knowing nothing of the world's selfishness.

On the 30th of August, 1764, she left the convent school to marry a wealthy nobleman, the Marquis de Douhault. It was what the French call a suitable match; in which class of matches the suitability consists in the rank and fortune of the parties.

Love had little, that is to say, nothing, to do with the marriage; though Madame la Marquise de Douhault began her wedded life with the hope of being able to love her husband. But no such happiness was in store for her. Very shortly after the wedding, the bride discovered that the bridegroom was afflicted with epilepsy! The hoped-for hours of tenderness were replaced by fearful scenes of horror. Recovering from the shock of this awful blow, she accepted her sorrowful lot in silence, continuing to fulfil her duties as a wife quietly, without outward complaint. But in 1765 her husband's malady sud-

denly degenerated into furious insanity. His excitement and violence were such that it became dangerous to wait upon him. Madame de Douhault did her utmost to soothe him during his fits of mania; but one day, while interfering to prevent his cruel treatment of a man servant, she received a sword wound in her right breast.

In April, 1766, the two families agreed, under legal authority, to seclude M. de Douhault at Charenton, near Paris, in which asylum he survived, always insane, for nearly one-and-twenty years, having died there in March, 1787. His wife, at five-and-twenty the widow of a living husband, continued to reside at the Château du Chazelet, an estate belonging to the marquis. During all those sad one-and-twenty years she led an exemplary and benevolent life.

To her sorrow, Madame de Douhault had an only brother, M. de Champignelles. Her father, M. de Champignelles the elder, had died in May, 1784, that is, about three years before her husband's death. According to her account, his death was hastened by grief at the unkind conduct of his son, who turned him out of the hotel which he occupied, by substituting his own name for his father's in a renewal of the lease. The father's death gave occasion for the settlement of the mother's claims, which entitled her to a life interest in all her husband's property, on the condition of paying to her son an income of 4000 francs a year, and to her

daughter the sum of 40,000 francs, the half of her dowry, which had never been paid.

But a son who had cheated his father was not likely to respect the rights either of his mother or his sister. At the settlement he contrived to terrify the former into accepting an allowance from him of about eleven thousand francs a year, he taking possession of all the estates. Madame de Douhault, in easy circumstances, and without children, made no great resistance to this lion-like partition of the spoil. He thus got into his own hands the whole of the paternal inheritance, to the half of which his sister had an equal right, besides her claim of forty thousand francs now, and as much more at her mother's death.

As might have been expected, the greedy bargain once made, and the source of the funds within his grasp, the bad son paid his mother's income badly. More than once Madame de Champignelles found herself in need; more than once she was compelled to raise money by getting her former valet-de-chambre to pledge or sell her jewelry. She was obliged to deny herself luxuries, and to underlet rooms in her residence. In her correspondence with her daughter she bitterly complained of her melancholy isolation in Paris, while her proper place was to remain as mistress at the Château de Champignelles, where any other son would have affectionately installed her. For a time she hoped for better things, but by degrees the truth broke on her mind that with ingratitude in a selfish child there is no hope. With this sad conviction

forced upon her, she entreated her daughter to join her in instituting legal steps to recover their rights, which she repented of having yielded so easily.

Before coming to a decision which must be the commencement of a family struggle, Madame de Douhault wrote to her brother, urging him, in friendly terms, to put an end to the cause of complaint. His reply was redoubled harshness. He even offered the patrimonial estates for sale, the report of which increased the mother's alarm, and determined the daughter to take a decided step.

Such was the state of affairs, when Madame de Douhault informed her mother that she would arrive in Paris by the beginning of 1788 to consult about the measures most expedient to adopt. The son was thus threatened either with having to restore to his mother the life enjoyment of the property, or with having to share it with his sister. In either case his sister was an inconvenience. Her interference was inopportune, her claims unpleasant. The most fortunate thing for him would be to get rid of both. Nevertheless *he* also expressed his desire that the meeting and consultation should take place. Instead of seeming to fear their results, he even urged their realization.

Another circumstance ought to be mentioned, which may explain the motives of other actors in this domestic drama. At her husband's death Madame de Douhault had caused to be drawn up, in the presence of the heirs of the deceased, an inventory of the inheritance which she had the right to enjoy for her life. Her claims thus sub-

stantiated, she became a fixture upon the estate—an annuitant, whose longevity would be burdensome, and whose decease would be a gain to the next expectants. It was at the close of the December following that she left Chazelet on a visit to her mother, to consult with her respecting their family concerns.

If we may believe the Woman without a Name who will shortly appear upon the scene, Madame de Douhault, when about to start for Paris, felt a secret presentiment of evil, an inexplicable repugnance to take the journey. Her nearest friends and relations approved of the undertaking; still in her farewell visits to her neighbors, she could not conceal her involuntary fears, for which she could show no definite motive. Her cousin, a magistrate, reassured her, attributing her vague inquietude to a temporary derangement of health; in spite of which, she could not help deferring her departure till the last minute possible.

At length, with great regret, she started. In travelling to Paris her habit was to sleep at Orleans, at the house of M. du Lude, her great-nephew *on her husband's side*, and consequently one of the parties who would come in for a share of her husband's property, after her decease. That gentleman happened then to be at Argenton, on the way to Orleans, and she wrote to invite him to accompany her hither. He declined to do so, on some frivolous pretext; and curiously enough, she was informed at Argenton that he had started for Orleans immediately after receiving her invitation. At Argenton she sent back her own

coachman, and went on with post-horses. On reaching Orleans, she drove at once to M. du Lude's house, as usual. This time, alleging sundry reasons, he excused himself from entertaining her, indicating, instead of his own, the house of one M. de la Roncière, where he said a chamber was prepared for her, and also advising her to send her servant elsewhere, to give the less trouble to the De la Roncières.

Not a little astonished at this reception, she went where she was told, and found a chamber on the ground-floor, looking into the courtyard. Here, say her brother and his partisans, she fell ill, and died on the 18th of January, 1788. Her funeral took place on the 21st. So far there is nothing very extraordinary in the lady's biography. Other women have had afflicted husbands, have conducted themselves worthily under the affliction, and have died while travelling. Our wonder is now to begin.

On the 17th of October, 1791, a veiled personage, dressed in black, presented herself at the gate of the Château de Champignelles. On her demanding admission, the porter replied, "Madame, my master, M. de Champignelles, has forbidden me to allow any one to enter without a written order from himself."

"But don't you know me, Saint-Loup?" she asked, raising her veil. "I am the Marquise de Douhault, your master's sister."

"The marquise died some time ago. You had better withdraw, madame; I have my orders."

The lady returned to the town of Champignelles, where she had

arrived in a carriage and had passed the night at the principal inn.

The next morning, at the ten o'clock Mass, she entered the church, which was crowded with townspeople and the dependents of the château. She raised her veil, knelt before a tomb inscribed with the name of Rogres de Champignelles, and prayed, shedding many tears. The persons present, in astonishment, watched her with the greatest attention. Several of them exclaimed aloud, "What a striking likeness to the late Madame la Marquise de Douhault!"

But in that very church, and not very long since, a funeral service had been celebrated for the repose of the marquise's soul. Nevertheless, the stranger's figure, her walk, her features—everything—so perfectly recalled the deceased to mind, that during the Mass more than one of the congregation could not help muttering, "She may be dead; but one would say that this is our marquise all the same."

When Mass was over, knots of people waited at the door, to see the lady walk out of church. She was accompanied by a *femme-de-chambre*. One of the spectators, bolder than the rest, accosted the servant and inquired her mistress's name. "You ought to know her better than I do," was the answer given.

At this, several persons who had had more frequent intercourse than the others with *Mdlle. de Champignelles*, approached the lady. "Yes, my friends," she said, "I am indeed the Marquise de Douhault; my childhood was passed in this domain, where I am now refused admittance."

Her voice, too, was the voice of *Mademoiselle de Champignelles*. She dissipated all further doubt by addressing each individual by name and reminding them of circumstances which could only be known to the daughter of their former lord. Hesitation was no longer possible. The whole town was convinced of the marquise's actual return in the flesh. The bells rang to celebrate the event. During the course of several days the marquise was visited by many persons belonging to the neighborhood. All who had known the Marquise de Douhault recognized her in the person who now claimed the name. The National Guard fêted the recovered lady; the municipal officers, the head of the police, wished to give every possible authenticity to her almost general recognition by the inhabitants. They therefore published, to the sound of the drum, a request that every one who did recognize her should make declaration to that effect before the municipality.

On the 23d of October the inquiry was opened. Ninety-six inhabitants of the town and its environs testified to the lady's existence and to her identity with the person who appeared in their presence. This result was officially recorded. Immediately afterwards, she summoned the *Sieur de Champignelles*, her brother, before the Bureau de Conciliation, as detaining her goods under an illegal title. This summons having had no effect, she transferred the suit to the Tribunal of the district of Saint-Fargeau, in order to be reinstated in all her rights, titles, and goods, and to recover five hundred thou-

sand francs, as damages. A memoir which she published in support of her claims, explains how, supposed to be dead and buried at Orleans, she was still alive.

On the 15th of January, 1788—dates are of importance in this tangled tale—it appears that she prepared to leave Orleans for Paris. That day, Madame de la Roncière invited her to take a farewell drive along the quays of the Loire. Two other ladies were of the party. During the drive, Madame de la Roncière offered Madame de Douhault a pinch of snuff; immediately after taking which she was seized with so violent a headache that she begged to be driven back to the house at once. They gave her a footbath, and she then fell into a profound slumber. Was the snuff poisoned, and the lady a tool of M. de Champignelles.

Afterwards? A wide blank here occurs in Madame de Douhault's recollections. All she knew was that she awoke in the Salpêtrière, at Paris—a hospital for female lunatics and a prison for female criminals.

By an effort of memory, she was able vaguely to call to mind that, after the slumber at Orleans, which lasted for more than a day, she had a lucid interval, during which Madame de la Roncière urged her to set off for Paris that very evening. She was not allowed to see her *femme-de-chambre*. She had a confused remembrance of taking a basin of broth from that lady's hands; of going to Paris, where the image of her brother passed before her eyes; of police-agents arresting her and carrying her off in a closed carriage.

At the Salpêtrière she gradually regained the sad possession of her faculties. Her reason returned, clear and bright, causing her to feel her situation the more acutely. She expressed her astonishment, protested, told them who she was. They replied that she was mistaken; that her name was Anne Buirette. After seventeen months of horrible seclusion, during which time all her letters were intercepted, she succeeded in acquainting a powerful friend, Madame de Polignac, with the infamous sequestration practiced on her; adding that the minister who had granted such an arbitrary order must have been deceived into yielding it. [Those were still the days of *lettres-de-cachet*.] Madame de Polignac got the order revoked; and on the 13th of July, 1789, a Chevalier de Saint Louis came to the prison and announced to Madame de Douhault that she was free. He accompanied her to the bottom of the Jardin des Plantes, and left her there to shift for herself. The captive of the Salpêtrière found herself alone in Paris, ignorant of passing events, on the eve of a terrible revolution, when the people were preluding the capture of the Bastille by burning the Barrières.

Meanwhile, at Orleans, Madame de Douhault was said to have died of a disease which the doctors qualified as "*lethargic*." Seals were put on her effects and papers, and on her furniture at Chazelet. Her funeral was proceeded with, and a certificate of burial drawn up. On the 25th of January they obtained from Madame de Champignelles, the mother, who was bewailing the loss of a beloved daugh-

ter, an authorization to remove the seals. M. de Champignelles proceeded, with *Madame de Douhault's* other heirs, to divide the inheritance left by his sister.

She herself had not the slightest suspicion that her brother had been the cause of her detention. She was not aware that she was legally dead, and her first thought was to fly to him. He would not recognize her, refused any explanation, and had her turned out of the house as a mad woman, as an adventuress. Comprehending nothing about such a reception, she betook herself to an uncle, a commandant. He received her coldly. Like M. de Champignelles, he did not know her, and, nevertheless, he asked her to dinner. With tears in her eyes she refused, exclaiming, "I shall find a refuge with my mother!" "Your mother!" replied the commandant. "Your mother is dead."

In her desolation, she hastened to Madame de Polignac, then at Versailles. There she was recognized by numerous persons of the highest distinction, amongst others by the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe. The whole court were unanimous in believing that the prisoner rescued from the Salpêtrière was no other than Adelaide de Champignelles.

Madame de Douhault did not wish to be in too great a hurry to raise a judicial scandal involving the honor of two families. All her friends and protectors advised her to confide in the goodness and justice of the King. But very soon the King himself was powerless, the court dispersed. In February, 1790, she resolved to bring a civil

action. Through the treachery of those whom she trusted as her advocates, she was sent for a month to the prison of La Force. There, she claimed the assistance of Bailly, who was then mayor of Paris. Bailly knew her, and wished to aid her; but he found that he had to reckon with people from whose violence he was unable eventually to rescue his own head. On leaving La Force, she learned by accident that the commandant had deceived her, and that her mother was still alive, although broken down by age and sorrow. One touching and final interview only was allotted to them for the interchange of their mutual confidences. M. de Champignelles was informed of the meeting. He closed his mother's doors against his sister. A few days afterwards Mdme. de Champignelles really died, and Mdme. de Douhault fell seriously ill. Such are the facts on which that lady grounded her protest against the Register of Death drawn up at Orleans.

M. de Champignelles at first attempted a summary reply to these accusations. In a complaint addressed to M. Delessart, the Minister of the Interior, he treated the public inquiry and recognition at Champignelles as a guilty act,—as an attempt to obtain forcible possession of the château. The claimant, he said, had appeared at the gate of that residence accompanied by three hundred armed men, in order to compel the steward to yield it. He insisted that the municipality was bound to protect his property against all aggression of the kind.

These tactics not succeeding, he was obliged to follow other forms

of law. In February, 1792, he was permitted to have an interrogatory put to the plaintiff, which consisted of one hundred and fourteen questions, thereby putting the lady into the position of the accused party or the prisoner. Now in France, the presiding judge, so far from being, as in England, the counsel for the prisoner, is his most severe cross-examiner. From the very first, Madame de Douhault—for so we are obliged to call her—could not help perceiving that a change of circumstances had taken place, that the court was against her, and that the interrogating judge believed that he had sufficient grounds for taxing her with falsehood. He could and would see in her no other than a certain Anne Buirette, who, it appeared, was imprisoned in the Salpêtrière on the 3d of January, 1786.

To the majority of these questions Madame de Douhault replied quite satisfactorily. They minutely tested her recollection of names, faces, costumes, and facts which could prove her identity. On most of them she was imperturbable; no one, it seemed, but the real marquise could give so complete an account of her past life as she did. But when they talked to her about her entrance into the Salpêtrière, she became confused, and unfortunately adopted (38th Answer) the very date, January 3, 1786, which was signalized as that of the incarceration of Anne Buirette, who, according to M. de Champignelles' system of defence, was in fact the real plaintiff. From that moment the judges considered themselves absolved from further investigation; this answer decided every-

thing. The plaintiff, imprisoned in La Salpêtrière from 1786 to 1789, could not be Madame de Douhault, whom authentic documents proved to be living at Chazelet in 1786 and 1787. The judges did not take any note that the Anne Buirette in question was twenty-eight years of age at the time of her entrance into the Salpêtrière, whilst at that date Madame de Douhault was forty-five, and now was evidently past fifty. They did not consider that a single incorrect answer out of one hundred and fourteen ought not to cancel all the rest. After that answer, every one of M. de Champignelles' assertions was unhesitatingly accepted. The plaintiff's counsel was gained over by the defendant to acts of treachery. Letters badly written and spelt, purporting to be from her, were produced in court, which she asserted to be forgeries. The Commissaire du Roi in his speech denounced her as a vulgar impostor.

Madame de Douhault had blue eyes, limped slightly in her walk, had on her right breast the scar of the sword-cut, and on her left hand a well-known scar from the bite of a little dog, on her right arm the scars of a surgical cautery. The plaintiff bore the very same marks; but all material proofs were in vain. The unfortunate answer to the 38th Question put an end to everything. In May, 1792, the tribunal of Saint-Fargeau pronounced that the plaintiff had been "imprisoned for swindling in the Salpêtrière from the 3d of January, 1786, until the 16th of October, 1789, under the name of Anne Buirette;" that she could not therefore be the late Madame de Douhault; that she had no right

to demand that the Sieur de Champignelles should answer *her* interrogatories, since whatever might be the facts elicited by his answers, "they could be of no consequence to a stranger." It was resolving the question at issue by the question itself.

We cannot follow all the subsequent legal struggles. A Councilor of State declared that the Saint-Fargeau judgment contained "three disgusting falsehoods." Twenty-one witnesses deposed that they had been threatened and tampered with by the defendant. All was to no purpose; at every step uprose the unlucky answer to the 38th Question.

In this singular case, truth and equity were sacrificed to forms of law. In July, 1808, there appeared an admirable *Consultation on the Douhault Judgments*, by M. Romain Desèze, the courageous defender of Louis XVI, in which he says that there exists neither in the forms of French legislation nor in the power of any court of law, any resource by which the plaintiff could appeal against the sentences which formally refused her the name she claimed, and which prohibited her from assuming it. Those sentences were beyond the reach of any kind of legal attack. The case had passed through the entire series of courts; all had successively rejected the claim. Consequently, it was formally decided by every tribunal which had the right to interfere, that the plaintiff was not the Widow de Douhault, and that she could not take that quality and title without committing a criminal usurpation.

Nevertheless, when they gave

their decision that the plaintiff was not the Widow de Douhault, none of the tribunals which rejected her claim were able to say *who* she was, to what class of society she belonged, the place of her birth, where she had lived, whether she were widow, wife, or maid, what she had done during the fifty years that preceded her claim, or what had been her social condition during that period. Here, then, was a woman without a name, without a station, without a title, without an origin; she belonged to nobody; she could claim no relation; she had no position whatever in the world; she could not appear before a tribunal under any denomination; she could not perform any act of civil life; she was nothing, nobody, a nonentity.

Madame de Douhault, or whoever she was, had enjoyed for some years the interest of an "inscription" in the "Grand Livre" of France—say, of a sum invested in government securities. The proprietor of the "inscription"—the person who had the reversion of the principal—wanted to sell that reversion, as he had a perfect right to do; to effect which it was necessary that the life-tenant should sign the transfer, which was impossible. How could she sign with a name which legal judgments had forbidden her to take? And, as those judgments had not assigned to her any other name, the transfer could not be effected. The government security—a form of property naturally transmissible and circulable—was obliged to remain unsold.

What means could be employed to remedy this anomalous position, which is unexampled in the annals

of justice? The French lawyers puzzled their brains, and came to the conclusion that they were at a dead lock, at a stand still, at the end of a blind alley. That ill-omened date, the 3d of January, 1786, remained like a stone fastened to a drowning man. The defendant would not allow it to drop. There was no remedy, according to due course of law. "In all contests," said one legal luminary, "there is a term where the magistrate's inquiries must stop." "We can only," said another, "treat human affairs *humanly*. In questions of fact, we are obliged to judge, not according to the eternal truth of things, but according to their shadows, their figures, their appearances. If we have erred in the Douhault affair, we have erred *according to rule*, and *our error consequently does not exist in the eyes of the law*." A third authority clenched the nail with—"One of the commonest maxims in law is, that a thing once judged ought to pass for the truth, and that a sentence has power of making white black, and black white."

And then they adduced the very natural and very innocently simple argument, "Who can believe that any one holding so distinguished a position as M. de Champignelles, &c., would ever dare, &c., by such odious means, &c., to stifle the voice of nature, &c., and degrade and rob his unfortunate sister, whose only crime was the wealth she possessed and was entitled to?"

Her friends urged that, if she were not the Widow de Douhault, she must necessarily be somebody else. How was it that, in the course of so searching an inquiry, her real

name was not discovered? A life of more than fifty years could not be passed without leaving a trace. It is the only trial in which an impostor has been condemned for assuming a false name without the discovery of his real name and origin. But here, the only safe ground to act upon, namely, the impostor's *veritable* individuality, is altogether wanting.

Legal consultations could get no further than to ascertain that, although every point in the case indicated the possibility of the reversal of the sentence, the means of proceeding to that reversal were not to be found in existing legislation. So late as 1809, ten eminent Paris juriconsults, assembled in the conviction of the plaintiff's good faith, were unable to untie the Gordian knot. Their belief in her claim was supported by an eleventh lawyer, who had known her well before her troubles, and who was convinced of her identity by her voice, her figure, her features, and her conversation.

Nor was the difficulty summarily removed, as it might have been, by the interference of the Head of the State. The lady who claimed to be Madame de Douhault remained, to the end of her days, a woman without a name. A drama played on the Boulevard, *La Fausse Marquise*, publicly taxed her with imposture; and when the authorities interfered to put a stop to the scandal, the piece prohibited in Paris was acted for a considerable time afterwards at Orleans, through the influence of the triumphant family. And when Madame de Douhault gave up the ghost, no one dare inscribe *any* name upon her tombstone.

THE QUEEN'S EPITAPH.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(The subjoined poem embodies an incident recorded in the *Broad Stone of Honor*; and revealing in the early Norman Queen, to whom it is accredited, a humility thoroughly Catholic, and touching as it is beautiful.)

I.

Did she say unto her minstrels: "Sing my fame to list'ning time?"
 Did she say unto her poets: "Write my praise in silver rhyme?"
 To her sculptors did she utter, with a right majestic air:
 " Straightway hasten to prepare
 For my tomb a statue fair,
 Carven out of costly marble with an epitaph sublime?"

II.

"Golden sceptre in my fingers,—on my head a golden crown,
 And a cloak of chiselled ermine from my shoulders dropping down,
 'Eleanore, King Henry's Consort,'—jewelled in the living stone,
 Fairest Queen that ever shone,
 Star-like, on the English throne—
While the flower of Norman Knighthood kiss'd the border of her gown."

III.

Heaven forgive the foul suspicion of the dead Queen's lowliness:
 Gentle Saint! forgive the satire of thy soul's supreme distress!
 Wailing feebly: "O my maidens! O my courtiers! let no hand
 To my mem'ry in the land,
 Raise a mausoleum grand,—
 But upon my tomb write simply, '*Eleanore la pecheresse!*'"

IV.

O, the depths of purest wisdom those few gasping words express!
 Sunset clouds of rose and amber clad in twilight's sober dress—
 Sunset clouds of royal splendor o'er her death-bed taking wing,
 Stripped of sceptre, crown and ring,
 Face to face with Christ the King—
 ELEANORE LA REINE was lost in ELEANORE LA PECHERESSE!

PIUS THE SEVENTH AND PIUS THE NINTH.

THE newspapers have been giving to their readers the details of the measures said to be proposed to the Italian Parliament by the government of Florence for the securing to the Holy Father, whom that government has just violently robbed of his states, his palaces, his churches, and of the money in his treasury, the free exercise of his spiritual sovereignty. The same government, moreover, has lately seized the papers which printed the Pope's Encyclical, containing the excommunication of Victor Emmanuel, his advisers and abettors, not to mention other acts which furnish so significant a commentary upon the promise of "a free church in a free state." The details of the proposed measure, which perhaps may be forgotten before these lines reach our readers' eye, are curious, and will impose, no doubt, on some few innocent people out of Italy. It may be worth while to examine them for a moment.

Pius the Ninth, then, is to be guaranteed his "sovereign rights," after everything over which he is sovereign has been taken away from him. He is to be allowed to retain his guards, and provided with an income of 3,255,000fr. As his guards would be immediately overpowered by any force that the Florentine government might choose to employ against them, and would therefore be at once forbidden to resist by the Holy Father himself, the brave Swiss who have so often proved their fidelity might as well be at once turned into mere beef-

eaters or javelin men, or supplanted by Italian policemen. As for the promised income of 3,255,000fr., we can only wonder that M. Lanza and his associates should have fixed on this particular sum rather than any other. It is as easy to promise thirty millions as three. The Italian government is pretty well versed in the game of spoliation, and of promising compensations or offerings. After the siege of Ancona, the papers were instructed to publish that Victor Emmanuel made an offering of no one knows how many thousand scudi to the shrine of Loreto. When the church property and the property of the religious orders was seized, every one knows that compensation was promised to individuals, and every one, not out of Italy, knows perfectly well what the royal promise in one case or the parliamentary promise in the other was worth. So, as he never means to pay anything at all to the Pope, except when it is in the interest of his policy to do so, M. Lanza might as well have put it on a little stronger in his civil list for the Pope, and if he wishes any one but Englishmen to believe in his sincerity, he might begin by returning to His Holiness the five millions which he found in the Roman treasury, of which, we will venture to say, the Italian state as such has been by no means the sole recipient. We are told further that the Pope is to keep the Vatican, the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore—which, by the way, is *not* the cathedral of Rome—Castel Gandolfo,

and their dependencies, "and these are exempted from taxes and common law jurisdiction. The same immunity is extended to any temporary presidency of the Pope, Conclave or Council. The Pope's correspondence is to be free. Even in pursuit of criminals, neither visits nor searches are to be allowed. The Pope is to be free to establish at the Vatican a post and telegraph office, keeping his own officials." It is not said how the post-bags are to get anywhere, except by the good leave and help of Italian officials, or with what part of earth, sea, or sky the telegraph is to communicate, without being always liable to the inspection and manipulation of the same tender guardians of the liberty of the Church. It is added, indeed, that "the Papal despatches, couriers, and telegrams are to be conveyed as those of foreign governments," but then foreign governments may possibly have a way of their own of enforcing respect to their "despatches, couriers, and telegrams," not possessed by the prisoner of the Vatican. "Councils will require no preliminary permission for meeting." This is very kind of M. Lanza. Councils have not been in the habit of asking leave of such ministers as he is for their meetings, but, unfortunately, they require either a free city or a government which they can trust before they meet anywhere. "The Pope may prefer to benefices without royal permission. The sale of the Bishops to the King, the Royal Placet and Exequatur are abolished. The seminaries and other Catholic institutions will derive their authority from the Holy See alone, without any interference

whatever from the Italian scholastic authorities." That is, we suppose, without any interference except of that kind which has shut up the schools of the Roman College and the Apollinari, and various other institutions of the same class. For all which boons, no doubt, Pius the Ninth will be very foolish if he does not feel extremely thankful, and consecrate by his blessing the new state of things which produces them.

What the Italian Parliament may think of all these proposals, we are of course unable to tell. One thing we may be quite certain of—that no member of that body will for a moment be so foolish as to believe that the government of King Victor Emmanuel has the slightest intention of keeping them except as a matter of convenience, or that when the bill in which they are embodied, or any other bill of the same kind, has passed the Legislature and been ratified by the King, it will be worth, as far as any protection to the Pope or Church is concerned, the paper on which it is written. In one view of these matters, it would seem as if nothing could be more childish than to propose such measures—except, of course, to believe that there is the slightest intention of carrying them out. Again, there is something singularly foolish—if it be not meant as a mere insult—in enacting at Florence a set of conditions for the security of the Pope, when it is perfectly well known that he will accept nothing whatever at the hands of his gaolers. No government with a particle of character or good faith would venture on the farce of such legislation. In this point of

view, it is another grave insult to the Church, to morality, and to God, another deep disgrace on the Italian name, to go through the solemn mockery of pretending to secure by measures such as these the rights of the Church and the Holy Father, when no security whatever is needed except deliverance from the violent injustice and brute force of the men who are the performers of this mockery. It is almost impossible, with the history of the last few years in our memory, to speak or write as if the proposals of the Florentine Cabinet were the serious proposals of real statesmen who mean to do what they promise and observe the obligations by which they bind themselves, but there may be some people, at least in this country, who may not be aware of the grounds of this impossibility, and for their sakes it may be worth while to reason for a few minutes as if it did not exist.

We need not repeat the arguments which have been so often urged as to the necessity of the Temporal Power for the independence and free action of the Church. Those arguments show irresistibly that the Pope must be the sovereign of a considerable state, weak, it may be, by the side of the great monarchies of Europe, but large enough to bear without grievance the burden of the administration of the government of the Church, and to make its ruler safe against sudden aggression and insolent oppression. We have already implied, that there is a difficulty in arguing the question on these grounds, because we might by so doing seem to admit that anything

at present is to be done but simply to redress wrong and restore what has been sacrilegiously usurped. And now, in the light of the truth of the necessity of the Civil Independence of the Supreme Pontiff, what are we to think of M. Lanza's proposals? No man in his senses will argue that they make the Pope independent in any way. He is at best a sort of Prince Bishop, though there have been, and perhaps are, Prince Bishops who have the temporal administration of certain portions of country in their own hands to a far greater extent than is conceded to the Roman Pontiff by the government of Florence. It would not make the Archbishop of Canterbury independent if he were allowed a small number of streets around Lambeth as a "Leonine city," and had his own beef-eaters, his own post-office, and his own telegraph wires. There have been whole classes of people in European states who have had "sovereign rights," if by that is meant the privilege of personal inviolability, but they have not been the less subjects for that. Napoleon the First would have conceded to Pius the Seventh a good deal more than M. Lanza is ready to concede to Pius the Ninth, and both Emperor and Pope understood well enough what was meant by freedom and what was meant by servitude. There is no question, therefore, of satisfying the requirement of the Church's necessary liberty by the arrangements that are now proposed, even if they are proposed in good faith and can be honestly exercised. Even let us place in the position of Signor Lanza and his associates a thoroughly Catholic

ministry, let us fill the Hall of the Cinque Cento at Florence with representatives of the Italian nation equally Catholic, and let us place on the throne some loyal and religious sovereign in the stead of Victor Emmanuel, what would these measures be worth in such a case? They would be worth a little more than they are now—but not much. Not much—for no one can give what he has not got to give; and no Parliamentary majority, no constitutional ministry, no sovereign of a state whose policy may change from year to year, can secure for such stipulations as those of which we are speaking that they shall be permanent and immutable.

A few years may roll by, and a change in public opinion or a revolutionary agitation, a propaganda of ideas hostile to the Church, and the hands which have set up these frail barriers of security for the independence of the Pontiff may be called upon to pull them down. Italy is at this moment undermined by the secret societies. Up to this time they have used the King of Piedmont and the so-called Conservative party in the various provinces to bring about their long-plotted unity and the destruction of the Temporal Power; but who shall say how many weeks or months are to elapse before the Revolution knocks over its own puppets? It may in answer be said that Italy will, in a sort of sense, pledge herself to the Catholic world—that the nations of Europe will require of her to guarantee the securities which she proposes for the independence of the Pope. Just at this time, however, who cares any longer for guarantees? Italian ministers have

never kept a pledge, except by force; but it is not Italy alone, it is one great European power after another, that denounces treaties and declares that it holds them no longer binding, because the physical force is wanting that might punish their violations. We must have something more binding than a solemn pledge from people who have never given a solemn pledge except to break it, something more than a guarantee from people who hold that it is neither infamous nor immoral to cast guarantees to the wind. The fall of the Temporal Power has already been signally illustrated by the open avowal that solemn treaties no longer bind the European nations. Europe has looked on with apathy while the greatest act of injustice which our time has known has been perpetrated with the greatest display of insolent mockery of all that is right and holy. Then of a sudden she finds that the bond of union, the sanction of the common law of nations, is gone into the same grave with the throne of the Pope! She has for centuries substituted mutual fear and the jealous watchfulness of her great and carefully-balanced powers over one another for the law of right and justice and the guiding influence of the representative of Jesus Christ upon earth. The balance of power has now been utterly disturbed; and in the disturbance we see what its moral worth was. It kept nations in order as long as they feared to become aggressive: now they find they need no longer fear, and we see that its moral worth was simply that of the maxim that "might makes right."

With Pius the Ninth in captivity in the Vatican, and with the European system itself in the state of solution into which the great German war of 1870 has thrown it, to be followed, perhaps, by far more general convulsions—for when Rome and the Pope are touched, there is commonly trouble from one end of Europe to the other—it may seem as if there were but few grounds of hope for an immediate restoration of peace, order, and the tranquil exercise by the Church of her heavenly mission in the world. We have already said that we cannot share the despondency with which many good Catholics look forward to the future. “Nothing under the sun is new,” writes the Wise Man. “What is it that hath been? the same thing that shall be.” The Church and the Temporal Power have gone through graver trials than those which now beset them. Let us refresh our memories, not by returning to any very ancient times, but to the days when our fathers were young, the days of the great war and of the First Empire, when the States of the Church were incorporated into the unity of the dominions of one who claimed to be the successor of Charlemagne—a man before whom all the earth kept silence, and by the side of whom Victor Emmanuel is a somewhat contemptible figure—when the Pope was in captivity, not in his own palace at the Vatican, but in the small town of Savona, not surrounded by his cardinals and counsellors, but utterly isolated, denied even pen and ink for his own use, and allowed to know of the affairs of the world and of the Church just as much and no more

as was contained in the columns of the *Moniteur* of the French Empire. Most appropriately for our purpose, within the last few months in which books could still be printed and published at Paris, M. d’Haussonville sent out the last two volumes of his great work, *L’Eglise Romaine et le Premier Empire*. These two volumes contain the history of the saddest portion of the life of Pius the Seventh—his imprisonment at Savona and Fontainebleau, the Gallican “Council” of 1811, the Concordat of 1813. In spirit, as well as in interest, they are the best parts of M. d’Haussonville’s work. Begun with the object of proving the favorite thesis of the author, against the connection of Church and State, and written so far in the service of a dangerous and unorthodox opinion, the history has yet gradually come round to be a simple, most interesting, and most authentic narrative of events, of which no other such narrative exists, and M. d’Haussonville is far too honest to let his opinions warp his fairness in the statement of facts. It is surely very much to be wished that some concise and clear narrative of the events which it relates, a narrative which to be complete would have but few other books on which to found itself than the work before us, should be given to the English speaking public.

If we compare, point by point, the situation of the Church at the time of the imprisonment of Pius the Seventh and at present, the difference is certainly all in favor of the speedy resolution of the difficulties of our own time. We have already remarked on the inherent weakness and corruption of the

Italian kingdom. It is inherently weak, as all factitious unities must be. It has grown by fraud and violence, and has not been consolidated by any moderation, foresight, or conciliatory policy on the part of the aggressive power. We doubt whether in a large portion of the peninsula, the Piedmontese are less hated now than the Austrians some years ago in Northern Italy. The first power, internal or external, which appeals to the Italian provinces with the cry of federation, rather than the forced unity under which they now groan, and supports the cry with sufficient force to encourage the timid, will, we are convinced, be welcomed with a shout of joy from Florence to Palermo. The government is corrupt, the court is corrupt, the finances are manipulated for the purpose of individuals, and the result is the necessity for an enormous taxation. Put this against the empire of Napoleon the First. Say what we may against the Second Empire, the truth is, that the long reign of the Third Napoleon—far longer than that of his uncle—shows, among other things, how much force and strength there was in the power of the first. It was the name of Napoleon and the empire which secured to the adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne the suffrages of France, not, we think, on account of the military glories, to the exclusion of the firm and strong government of which memories were full even at that distance of time. At the time of his quarrel with Pius the Seventh, the Emperor was at the height of his power. His will was law from one end of the Continent to the other. His

imprisonment of the Pope and incorporation of the Roman States into his empire took place after he had been enabled to establish that "Continental system," which, whatever were its effects, may certainly be quoted as a convincing proof of the immense influence of its author. England, his only enemy, after her desertion by Austria in 1808, found her ships excluded from the ports of France, Italy, Dalmatia, Germany, Russia, Prussia, Holland, and Denmark. We have written, Italy; but there were two ports in that peninsula, Civita Vecchia and Ancona, the sovereign of which, alone of all the rulers of Europe, refused to accede to the wishes of Napoleon in that respect.

That no one then discerned in the colossal empire which the soldier of fortune had raised for himself the elements of internal decay, is plain from the manner in which he was treated by the crowned heads of Europe, over whom he had soared to such unprecedented greatness. When his nephew was in search of an alliance after his *coup d'état*, it was commonly said that no European royal family would have sufficient confidence in the stability of his throne to give one of its daughters to him in marriage. When Napoleon the First divorced himself from Josephine, the two proudest houses in the world, those of the Czar of Russia and the Cæsar of Austria, vied with each other for the dubious honor of furnishing him with a consort, who perhaps might not be considered universally to be a lawful wife. It may be said with truth, that if any one had predicted the downfall of Napoleon and the dissolution of

the empire at that time, he would have seemed a mere visionary. Nor indeed, to do him justice, was his system such as to insure its own speedy dissolution. If Napoleon could have controlled himself, if he had not made his wisest counsellors afraid to tell him the truth, in political, as afterwards in military, matters—if he had not been simply intoxicated by success, so as to do his own genius the greatest injustice—there was nothing in reason to bring about the downfall of the edifice which he had reared. He was a firm, prudent, resolute governor, often, indeed, led away by passion, but a great organizer, and when not under the influence of passion, sagacious, industrious, and gifted almost with a kind of divination both as to measures and as to men. He was his own great enemy, and the great enemy of his empire. But for the intoxication of which we have spoken, he would never have made his great mistakes—of all of which the greatest was his conduct to Pius the Seventh. Such was the man, and such the power which were measured against the Holy Father on the throne of St. Peter at the beginning of the present century, and which held him in captivity, as Victor Emmanuel and the Italian kingdom now hold Pius the Ninth. * * * *

Napoleon the First cared about as much for the independence of the Church as the Florentine Cabinet, and in the height of his irresistible power he laid hands upon the dominions and sacred person of the Holy Father. No one resisted him, few lifted their voices against him, but the sentence of ex-

communication struck him, and he was hurled from the throne of France to that of a little Mediterranean island, almost in sight of the town of Savona, where he had imprisoned the Pope with so many circumstances of barbarous cruelty. And at present it is not a great Empire, but a factitious agglomeration of states under the nominal sceptre of a man of whose qualities it is not worth while to speak, that measures itself against the Church. If Italy were stronger than France ever was, and Victor Emmanuel greater than Napoleon ever was, it would be just the same. Behind the captive and insulted Pope is the majesty of the Catholic Church, and behind the Catholic Church is the power of Him whose Providence rules the world.

“Fear not, stand and see the great wonders of the Lord, which he will do this day.” History repeats itself, and yet generation after generation sees the world’s hosts surging up against the rock of the Church, forgetting the defeat and destruction of which the traces are as yet hardly removed. But the children of the Church cannot forget them, and so each new assault finds them calm and confident, waiting in tranquillity to see in what new way the certain deliverance will be made; leaving to Providence the times and seasons, as well as the manner of the triumph, and careful only not to fail in their duty of securing it and hastening it on by energetic activity in their own spheres of influence, by the practice of Christian virtues and the irresistible importunity of intense and ceaseless prayer.

IN THE DISTANCE.

A BOY lay on a bank, where early flowers
Grew fair, but less fair than the laughing child,
And gathered violets, and, in blue showers,
Into the streamlet threw his treasures wild;
But, when a gorgeous bird came slowly winging
Its onward way, and glittering in the light,
He started up, and the last handful flinging
Into the waters, watched its airy flight.

Raising his little hands in joy, he bounded
Over the stream, o'er root and tangled fern,
Keeping his eye upon the bird, surrounded
By pale, blue cloudlets, where it seemed to burn.
Onward it flew, like flame its pinions glowing,
When, weary with his vain pursuit, he fell,
The tear-drops from his aching eyes were flowing,—
But, in the distance, soared the bright bird still.

Fair childhood's hours, like wavelets of a river,
Had onward passed down Time's returnless tide,
And childhood's griefs on to the vast Forever,
Had with its pleasures floated side by side;
A youth, surrounded by his books, was sitting
With thoughtful brow, and restless, flashing eye,
While luring lights were o'er the pages flitting,
As the wood-fire burned low, or mounted high.

Up from the page his dark eye often wandered,
Where he had gleaned from scientific lore;
Upon each truth mysterious he pondered,
And the bold thoughts were reasoned o'er and o'er;
He had, sometimes, a fitful, haunting vision
That he should bring some great truth to the light,—
Nature's arcana, like the world Elysian,
Tho' in the distance, would unfold to sight.

I saw him as life's summer-time was turning
To autumn, golden, sober, and serene;
His dark eye still with fiery thought was burning,
His stately step was all it e'er had been;
Deep into truth his magic hand was reaching,
And mysteries grew clear before his gaze;
And yet for more,—for more, he still was searching,
And walking in his own delightful ways.

Nations awoke, and bowed the knee to power,—
The power of Genius, binding earth to heaven,—
Looked up, and wondered if it was the hour
When all of wisdom should to man be given;

Some curled the lip in scorn, that one yet human
 Should think all earthly causes to explain;
 Some pitying smiled, and smiling said, that reason
 Had left her throne, to ne'er return again.

Still calmly on he walked, to earth now bending,
 Some hidden meaning on its scroll to find,
 And up to God a prayer forever sending,
 For knowledge that would *fill* his thirsting mind;
 And now above, into the vast vault gazing,
 Watching the rolling planets gathered there,
 And the fixed hosts that constantly are blazing,—
 But in the distance gleamed they yet too far.

The day of life has passed away forever,
 And the long night is swiftly coming on;
 A white-haired man stands by a lone, dark river,
 And looking over, sighs to soon be gone;
 "There is the shore where spirit-sight is given,
 And I shall wander blindly on no more;
 Let my frail bark from earth's green strand be riven,
 My feet shall touch that brighter, distant shore."

ANGRY WORDS.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken
 In a rash and thoughtless hour;
 Brightest links in life are broken
 By their deep, insidious power;
 Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
 Ne'er before by anger stirred,
 Oft are rent past human healing
 By a single angry word.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
 Bitter poison drops are they,
 Weaving for the coming morrow
 Saddest memories of to-day.
 Angry words, O let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip;
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
 Friendship is too sacred far,
 For a moment's reckless folly
 Thus to desolate and mar.
 Angry words are lightly spoken;
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
 Brightest links in life are broken
 By a single angry word.

OUT OF THE DUST-HEAP.

GOING along the street the other day, our attention was drawn to a crowd of persons gathered round a wagon that had broken down, filled with a load of bones from a slaughter-house; or rather we should say, of the cellular-like bony substance which forms the core of the bullock's horn. Seeing the driver near, we asked him of what use the substance was, when his answer opened our eyes to the value of the repulsive-looking refuse, as we thought it, which was fit only to be buried out of sight. "Oh, they bones, sir. They goes to the boilers to get out the fat, and that goes to make common soap." We thought at the time that it must require a deal of scenting to make it even bearable, but we said nothing, and the man went on. "And when they get all the fat out, the cores are mixed with acid and ammonia, and makes the best of manure."

We think it a remarkable thing to find the beautiful butterfly arising from the dingy-looking chrysalis; but we learn on a little inquiry, that throughout the arts and manufactures, resurrections quite as astonishing are going on every day around us, on a large scale. Let us take gas-tar as one example. This material was of old considered a refuse product of gas-works, and was thrown away, very often into the rivers, where it floated about in blue patches, and was very unsightly and unhealthy, killing the fish and vegetation wherever it overflowed. This substance, like the ammoniacal liquor from the

same works, is now highly valuable. We all know what a soiling substance gas-tar is; it is therefore all the more curious to find that by distillation it yields a material termed benzole, a substance used for removing grease-stains, and for the general purpose of cleansing soiled substances. Another product evolved from this tar is naphtha, which forms a cheap light, though a dangerous one. Naphtha is also indispensable to the India-rubber manufacturer, as it is the solvent used by him for working this gum. Lampblack is also made from gas-tar. In Paris, and in London, and in many of the towns in the North of England, the tar is mixed with sand and fine pebbles, and makes an asphaltic compost, for use in roads and paths. We have also discovered that the ammoniacal liquor enables us to dispense with a foreign material which once was costly. Formerly this liquor was obtained from the sal ammoniac, which came from Egypt, where it was reduced from the manure of camels. It is now made in our gas-works, in the process of coke-making, and indeed from many other sources. We must not forget to mention that an oil is produced from tar which effectually preserves timber from rotting, and also that singular material, carbolic acid, which will no doubt be put to a great many uses in the future. At present it is known as a very valuable antiseptic.

Although not exactly a refuse of gas-making, we may here refer to a

material which formerly was considered a perfect waste substance, taking up much room in all collieries. We allude to an aluminous shale, which is a substance always first gained in working all coal-pits. This substance is now converted into alum, largely used in the process of dyeing. Both dyes and scents are also produced from coal-tar by distillation, in combination with other materials. Picric acid is one of these: it produces salts of yellow or orange hues; and next come picaline, leucoline, and aniline, which has become of immense importance of late as an agent in producing the fashionable color mauve. When distilled at a low heat, an oil termed "oil of meadow sweet" is produced, and others smelling like oil of cinnamon, oil of hawthorn, and oil of geranium. In short, gas-tar may be ranked among one of the most wonderful of raw materials, giving rise to scores of new substances in oils, which seem destined ever to go on multiplying.

Glycerine was formerly a waste substance in factories for making candles from palm oil. It used to flow into the Thames from the Belmont Works at Battersea, in quantities the estimated value of which was fully twenty pounds a week. It is now one of the most valuable remedial agents that we have in all skin and ear diseases, and it has displaced the use of spirits as a means of preserving all forms of animal matter.

In the neighborhood of all large smelting works, vast heaps of what is termed slag are produced, which in some places, especially in the mining districts, rise into hills that

are visible for miles 'around. This material—for we can scarcely call it waste any longer—is made in prodigious quantities every year. Its utilization, therefore, is a matter of great importance. An American gentleman has taken out a patent for converting it into a building material of a very imperishable kind. He refines it from its impurities, and colors it so as to represent variegated marble, than which, however, it is very much harder. This substance will run in moulds; it is therefore valuable for ornamental work. But this gentleman was not the first to perceive the value of the material for building purposes, as we ourselves have seen it largely used in the neighborhood of Bristol—where, of old, there existed large smelting works—as the copings, and indeed in the building of walls themselves. Its durability is extreme, in consequence of its non-absorptive nature.

All old metal is, more or less, valuable for remelting, the precious metals, such as gold and silver, of course being most carefully collected. The sweepings of boards and floors are regularly saved, and the dust preserved. Mr. Simmonds, in his work on Waste, tells us that "‘jewellers’ sweeps’ is a general name for the scraps and dust remaining in silversmiths’ and jewellers’ workshops, gold-pen manufactories, and which are bought by persons who smelt them over again to separate the gold and silver from the refuse. Even the clothing, waistcoats, jackets, &c., of gold-beaters and other workers in the precious metals, are eagerly bought up for the recovery of the fragments accumulated in them,

and I have heard of fabulous prices given for an old waistcoat that had long been worn by a gold-beater. At any time they can obtain a new waistcoat for an old one."

Horseshoe nails have long been famous as a material for the manufacture of rifle gun-barrels, which require great toughness. Horseshoe nails are made of good iron originally, and this is improved by being banged by the horses upon the hard stones. The scrap iron from the needle manufactories is also collected for the same purpose, the very best iron only being used in this manufacture. The waste of the steel pen manufactories goes back to be converted into steel. The clippings of tin ware are valuable for re-conversion into the two metals of which they are composed, tin and iron. The tin, which is the more valuable metal, is separated from the iron by an acid, and again restored to the metallic state; the iron, being generally charcoal-made iron, is of the most valuable kind. All scrap-iron goes to the melting furnace. In waste places we occasionally see old worn-out iron utensils, such as slop-pails, tea-trays, shovels, and the thousand odd things that are used in domestic life. All this waste is collected. All the fashioned articles are first subject to heat for the purpose of extracting the solder, which is a valuable article. The old metal is afterwards sent to the copper streams, where it is deposited in the water and gathers the copper, which would otherwise run to waste; the more valuable metal adheres to the iron, and in course of time completely coats it and eats it away. Steel filings are utilized to make steel

wine. In the Woolwich Gun Factory a vast quantity of steel and brass filings are made, which, in consequence of being mixed, were once valueless; but the steel filings are now separated from the other metal by the agency of rotating magnets, which take up the former metal and remove it with great rapidity.

No doubt there have been of late some very strange things utilized in Paris. The newspapers have given hints enough of the experimental diet of those from whom emanated the saying, "*Il faut manger*;" but a short time since a very singular trade had sprung up, for there the lower classes have not the same objection to use refuse food that our own have. Some years ago an old soldier named Père Chapellier, who for some time followed the profession of a *ravageur*, one of those odd beings who still in that city rake about the central gutter of its back streets with a hooked stick and a lantern, perceived in the course of his business that when the *chiffoniers* came in with what they had collected, they always had a great quantity of pieces of stale bread, which they could not dispose of. Perceiving this, and knowing that a vast quantity of bread-crumbs are used by the cooks and the Parisians generally, he determined to establish himself as a regular preparer of bread-crumbs. He could not depend upon the chiffoniers, however, for a supply, so he made an arrangement with the cooks and scullions of the schools and colleges; and one morning he posted himself in the centre of the *Halles* (great market), surrounded with baskets full of bread-

crumbs, and round his hat he placed, in large letters, the following announcement: "Bread-crumbs for sale!" The hit was tremendous; his trade increased, and presently growing ambitious, and ascertaining the wants of the cooks, he determined to turn bread-crumbs manufacturer, and sold them two sous cheaper than any one else. We quote from Mr. Simmonds's work the sequel of this singular industry: "He saw that in the bread he received there were two sorts, the good and the bad. He had thought of separating them, but then he found the profit would not compensate for the trouble. He determined to invent a new industry; he made *croûtes au pot*. Stranger, if you ever go to Paris, never order *soupe au pain au croûton*, except at the Trois Frères, Café de Paris, or Véfours. All comes from the fabrique of Chapellier, from the chiffonier's basket, the college scrap-basket, the hotel slop-tub. He has established near the Barrier Saint Jacques, ovens which never cool, and from whence thousands of pounds of bread are daily poured

forth to be sold as crumbs or crusts. A large number of men, women, and children are busy piling and grating the merchandise as it comes out of the oven. The carbonized pieces and scrapings are pounded, sifted through silk sieves, and sold to the perfumers to make tooth-powder. Nothing is more curious than the warehouses of Le Père Chapellier. They are immense buildings, where mountains of bread are received every minute. Workmen separate these pieces; on the right are those redestined for man, on the left those destined for rabbits. Wonderful order and cleanliness are everywhere visible. Young girls make up packages of *croûtes au pot*, after weighing them; children fill large boxes with the black powder."

We may just add that Le Père Chapellier himself is always present among his workmen, scolding, giving orders, laughing, joking, but always with the keenest of eyes to that main chance which has made him a prince among traders. He is a man of genius.

HUMAN LIFE.

———АН! what is human life?

How like the dial's tardy-moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceived!
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen:
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.

PERFECTION IN KNOWLEDGE IMPOSSIBLE.

NEARLY ten centuries ago, a few bold navigators, fired with the love of adventure, launched from their native shore, and sailing westward over the heavy northern seas, sought to descry the confines of the unknown land. For many a cheerless day, and through many a starless night, they steered across the trackless billows which had never before been broken in foam beneath the prow.

Weary and doubtful was the voyage, but at last above the gray rim of the distant ocean, the uninviting headlands of a lonely island rose upon their sight. Then from the deck of the adventurous sea-king came the shouts, "The Ultima Thule" is found at last. They had reached a point about five hundred miles from their native land, and supposing it impossible to proceed beyond, hailed it with delight.

With our present knowledge of the form and contents of the earth, we cannot but smile at the contracted notions and idle exultations of these barbarian navigators; and still, if we but look around us, we shall find that they are far from being the only adventurers who have fallen into the error of believing that they have achieved all that can possibly be accomplished in a given direction.

On the contrary, we shall find that this is a very common failing of our race, and that many a miniature navigator is flattering himself that he has discovered the "Ultima Thule." This species of ego-

tism is also found in the world of science and art. Many who have acquired the rudiments of science are prone to think themselves proficient in it, and regard themselves very much as Omar did the Koran, as the concentration of all possible knowledge.

The mechanic who has discovered some new application of the laws of motion, and the philosopher who has invented some new theory in regard to the human mind, are alike apt to think that they have ascertained all the facts, and explained all the phenomena, and that beyond this, discovery is neither necessary nor possible. It is because of this that every new discovery which has been made in science or art has had to fight its way into popular favor against the determined opposition of those very men who should have been its most ardent defenders. Thus in ancient and modern times many have been compelled to abjure their incontrovertible theories by those who have been acknowledged as the intellectual leaders of the age; and others, such as Harvey, who asserted that the blood flowed through the heart met with the most bitter execrations from the same class.

Even at the present day we find men actuated by this same ignorance and egotism, whose chief aim seems to be to oppose every effort that is made to advance science, or improve the condition of mankind, and not unfrequently do we hear them declaiming bitterly against what they are pleased to

term "the strange notions of the present day." These people, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel and helping to roll on the car of science, serve merely to impede its progress. And yet such minds are not entirely devoid of interest. We look at them with very much the same feelings that we experience when examining the fossil bones found in the pleistocene deposits, that is, with a curiosity to know what kind of animals did exist in those times.

But the analogy may be carried still further; for as it requires a great deal of skill and knowledge of comparative anatomy to determine the structure of the animal from the fossil bone, so it requires a keen discrimination and a good knowledge of human nature to learn anything of the past generations from these men; for time has acted on them very much as it has on the fossil bone, and taken away all those parts that were not too earthy to be affected by it.

It is not true that we have reached the "Ultima Thule," and that knowledge is on the decline. Other times, it is true, may have furnished stronger minds than the present, and some of the ornamental arts, as sculpture, music, and painting, may have been carried to a greater degree of perfection in past ages than they attain at the present day; and yet there never was a time when the laws, relations, and resources of the universe were better known, or more advantageously applied to the production of human happiness, than they are now.

Though we have no Raphael nor Phidias, yet the most common artist is enabled by science to excel

even them in the representation of nature.

While power, science, and art have been constantly advancing, until they have reached a degree of perfection never before known, it is still evident, that instead of having exhausted the mine of research, we have only revealed greater and more sublime mysteries yet to be solved.

Astronomy is perhaps one of the oldest sciences with which we are acquainted, it having been a subject of study from the earliest age; yet it remained for the sixteenth century to discover the real motion of the solar system; and it was not until the time of Sir Isaac Newton, that these motions were found to be governed by fixed and definite laws. Those discoveries by no means exhausted the science, for even at the present day, new discoveries, hardly less important, are continually being made.

Geology, on the other hand, is of recent origin, and can hardly be said to have become released from those obscuring mists, which always envelop the first apprehensions of truth; and which, in its own case, are as dense and dark as those with which it enshrouds the world in the earlier period of its existence. It has, however, revealed many interesting facts in regard to the origin and structure of the earth, and if even any of its many theories be correct, it is only evidence that its "Ultima Thule" has not yet been attained.

Chemistry is also a science of somewhat recent date, it having been developed for the most part during the last ninety years; but it has probably done more to improve the condition of mankind than any

other science. This science is not only indispensable to the skill and success of the physician; but indeed there is hardly an operation in domestic economy that has not to some extent been modified by it. It lends a helping hand to the farmer, as he labors to bring from the ground those products necessary to our existence; to the housewife, as she prepares them for the gratification of our appetites; to the mechanic, as he transforms the rough materials found in nature, into articles that shall promote the comfort of man; and to the metallurgist, as he moulds the dull, unsightly ores into forms of beauty and usefulness. And yet we must not infer that it has reached anything like a state of perfection. On the contrary, we find that like every true science, it is constantly progressing, and it is difficult for us to say what results it may not yet accomplish.

Many people are of the opinion that Geography is a science altogether too simple to require their attention, and still there is, perhaps, no field in which more is assumed, or less known than this.

It has been remarked, that we know less of the physical conformation of the earth, than that of the moon; and a careful investigation will convince any one that this is not an entirely groundless assertion. How little of the geography of Asia and Africa has been determined by actual survey! And on our own continent, with the exception of the Atlantic coast line, hardly any of its geography is anything more than mere guesswork.

Thus it appears, that to whatever field of science or knowledge we

turn our attention, we shall find that much remains to be learned. No one then can ever hope to become master of all the treasures of knowledge that lie hidden in any science. He may read the books that have been written, and, to the extent of his ability, compare the opinions of master minds on the subject, still he will find, as did Dr. Kane in his Arctic Expedition, an open and untraversed sea beyond.

Again, that man can never reach a state of perfection in knowledge, is evident from the very nature of the human mind. Not only did the Divine Creator form us with certain faculties and desires, but He has also created external objects exactly corresponding with them and adapted to their gratification. He has given us beauty and sublimity in external objects exactly adapted to exercise our taste; He has created us with a desire for knowledge, and has given us the means of gratifying that desire; and furthermore, He has so created that thirst for knowledge, that it can never be satiated. "The eye cannot be satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." It is evident, therefore, that there are depths of knowledge which the mind of man can never drain. The knowledge must be as inexhaustible as the desire.

The same truth may be proved from the nature of knowledge itself; all true knowledge is an emanation from the Supreme Being, who is the real source of truth; hence, to affirm that it is possible for us to become perfect in knowledge, would be not only to set a limit to the Divine Mind, but also to assert that we may reach that limit, and become equal in knowl-

edge to God. This would be as absurd as to say that we can equal Him in power; as impious as to make the finite equal to the infinite.

Thus we see that reason, as well as observation, teaches us that with finite beings like man, perfection in knowledge is impossible. And yet let no one who is in pursuit of knowledge become discouraged by the fact that no man can become perfect in it; let no man, because

he cannot reach the true "Ultima Thule," despair; from this let him derive a lofty encouragement. Does it not assure him, that however much he may know, there is yet room for him to add something to the stock of human knowledge? Does it not assure him that while every new acquisition that he makes will give him greater power, it will afford him a still higher opportunity to exercise that power?

POPULAR AMERICAN PHRASES.

IN a new country peopled by an old race, with new physical surroundings, new political struggles, and new social ideas, it is natural that new words and phrases, and new metaphors, should creep into the old language. This has occurred in the United States, where the people not only speak the best of English when they please—and sometimes boast of the fact—but superadd, when they are in the humor, a rich and racy vocabulary which is so entirely their own as seldom to be intelligible to Englishmen without an explanation. The old and settled states of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and generally of the thirteen original colonies which were engaged in the War of Independence, do not coin many new words and phrases in our day, though they sometimes make an effort in that direction. The great mass of the most characteristic and original neologisms come from the Southwestern and Western States, which are as yet but sparsely

peopled, and in which the settlers have to fight against the wilderness, and often against its inhabitants, both four-footed and two-footed, if they would maintain their ground. These men look upon nature face to face. They confront hardships and difficulties every day of their lives, though only to overcome and subdue them; and they feel as they do so that they are laying the solid foundations of new empires for their sons and grandsons. A little pride and magniloquence may therefore be forgiven them. The expressions which they invent, and the metaphors which they employ, drawn from their own personal experience of men and things, and from the well of their untutored genius, are not only full of a peculiar humor, but of common sense and worldly wisdom. The words are not always elegant, but they are generally forcible. In the invention of epithets and nicknames for political friends and opponents they are particularly happy. Dr. Webster, the lexicog-

rapher, in reference to this peculiarity, very truly says: "We rarely find a new word introduced into the language which is entirely useless. The use of new terms is dictated by necessity or utility; sometimes to express shades of difference in signification, for which the language did not supply a suitable term; sometimes to express a combination of ideas by a single word, which otherwise would require a circumlocution. These benefits, which are often perceived instinctively, as it were, by a nation, recommend such words to common use, till the cavils of critics are silenced by the weight of authority."

I do not propose to discuss the single words which the language owes to the peculiarities and eccentricities of American life, or the vulgarities or diversities of pronunciation which distinguish the English language in America from the English spoken at home (English at home has a plentiful stock of vulgarisms of indigenous growth to answer for to the philologist and grammarian), but the phrases and the metaphors which are purely American, and which are never likely to become naturalized in the Old World. Agriculture, commerce, and politics, all carried on in America under conditions different from those which they present in Great Britain, are the three great sources whence these phrases and metaphors are derived, and each of these show the steady and continually growing and expanding English language in a new light of wit, of humor, or of a development, which may seem vulgar to the present age, but which is likely

to fix itself securely into the next, to lead to new developments in its turn, irrespective of the opposition of grammarians and purists, who forget that language is made for man and not man for language.

In a fenced and inclosed country such as England, a direct line between two places, one of which cannot be seen from the other on account of the inclosures, is said to be a line "as the crow flies." In America such a line is called "a bee line," and sometimes an "air line." Bees, after having laden themselves with honey, have been observed always to fly back to the hive in a direct line, which is not always the case with crows in their flight. The phrase is shorter and better than our English equivalent. "Sinners," says Dow in his Lay Sermons, "you are making a bee line from time to eternity, and what you have once passed over you will never pass again." Another quotation shows the humorous aspect of the phrase. "The sweetened whisky I had drank," says the author of the *Americans at Home*, "made me so powerful thick-legged, that when I started to walk, my track wasn't anything like a bee line."

The swarming of bees has given rise to several phrases that savor of a new country, and of the help that settlers are always ready to afford one another in the backwoods. When a new immigrant arrives in the Far West, the neighboring settlers, perhaps for twenty or fifty miles distant, unite with their teams, cut down the forest trees, and build him up a log-house in a single day. This swarm of assistance is called "a raising

bee." The ladies also have swarms of similar kind, such as "the quilting bees," when the young women assemble, and in an afternoon will make a quilt for the new-comers. "Apple bees" take place in the cider-making time, when the neighbors help to gather the apples and prepare them either for drying or for the vat, and make the occasion an excuse for merry-making.

In America all coleopterous insects are called "bugs," where in England they would be called beetles. The word has, consequently, not the offensive sense that it has with us, and the disgusting insect to which it is applied at home has the prefix "bed" to distinguish it from all other coleoptera. The fire-fly, that flits about so picturesquely in the hot summer evenings and nights, is called "the lightning bug." To be called a "big bug" is to be recognized as a person of note or consequence. "Miss Savage is a big bug," says the writer of the Widow Bedott's papers; "she's got more money than almost anybody else in town." Sam Slick in England, talking of a visit to the House of Lords, says, "We'll go to the Lords' House—I don't mean the Meeting House—but the place where the nobles meet, pick out the big bugs, and see what stuff they are made of." "The free and easy manner in which Sir Robert Peel described some of the big bugs at Moscow has got him into difficulty." (New York Times.)

Bunkum, or more properly Buncombe, is a useful word which England has borrowed from America,

and which bids fair to be naturalized among us. The origin of the phrase, talking Buncombe, or talking for Buncombe, is related in Wheeler's History of North Carolina. "Several years ago the member in Congress for the district of Buncombe rose to address the House, without any extraordinary gifts either in manner or in matter to interest the audience. Many members arose and left the hall. Very naïvely he told those who remained that they might go also, as he should speak for some time, but was only speaking for Buncombe." The word has also come to signify what is sometimes called bosh. "Our people," says Sam Slick in Human Nature, "talk a great deal of nonsense about emancipation, but they know it's all Buncombe." In England the parliamentary reporters have the power to deprive Buncombe in either House of all its power to reach the place for which it is intended, by the simple plan of refusing to make a note of it. But no such power exists in the United States; and he who speaks for Buncombe, though he cannot oblige the House to listen to him, can compel the official reporters of the House to take down his words, and can compel the *Congressional Globe*, to print them at the expense of the country. No wonder that Buncombe is a greater nuisance in America than it is likely to be in England.

"Deadhead" is another phrase which might be advantageously adopted at home. It signifies a person who gets free admission to theatres, concerts, and other places of public amusement, and

who procures free passes for railway and steamboat travelling.

"To be death" on a thing, is to do the thing well, to be a good hand at it; to do anything thoroughly. "Do you know Chunkey? He was raised in Mississippi, and is death on bars (bears)." The quack doctor could not manage the whooping-cough, but he was "death on fits."

"Dyed in the wool," thorough, ingrained, is in vulgar parlance something that will wash and not lose color; as, "He's an out-and-out good fellow: dyed in the wool." "General Taylor is a democrat dyed in the wool," or a democrat of the Jeffersonian color.

"To be on the fence," is a political phrase, applied to a man who has not quite made up his mind for which side he will vote, or who will vote according to his interest:

Every fool knows that a man represents
Not the fellows that sent him, but those on the
fence,
Impartially ready to jump either side.

LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*.

"To give a man fits," or "to give a man Jessie," that is, to punish a man so severely by tongue, or pen, or cow-hide, or the bare fist, as to throw him into a paroxysm of rage and fear. "To give a man particular fits," or "particular Jessie," is the comparative of the original positive, the ne plus ultra of chastisement, mental and physical. "I go in for Bill Sykes, because he runs with our machine; but he mustn't come fooling around my gal, or I'll give him fits." (*A Glance at New York*, Bartlett.)

"Fizzle," to burn dull like wet gunpowder; to make a ridiculous or egregious failure. "To fizzle out," to make a complete failure.

"The factious and revolutionary action of the fifteen (senators) has interrupted the regular business of the senate, disgraced the actors, and fizzled out." (*Cincinnati Gazette*.) "You never get tired of a good horse, he doesn't fizzle out." (*Sam Slick*.) "To make a blue fizzle," is to make a melancholy or lugubrious failure.

"To put the foot down," to be very decided in a course of action. The late President Lincoln was continually represented by the Northern papers as "putting his foot down" for the removal of General McClellan or General Hooker, or for the abolition of slavery or for some other object, popular at the time.

"To fly off the handle," to break a promise, suggested by the accident that sometimes occurs to a hatchet or an axe, when the blade flies off and leaves the useless handle in the grasp. "Now and then some of the girls would promise, and then fly off the handle." (*Bartlett*.) The phrase also means to lose temper, and become unreasonably excited to wrath.

"To drive a straight furrow," a metaphor derived from the plough, signifying to go right about your business, to be truthful and honest, and to indulge in no shams or false pretences.

"To go the big figure," to do things in a magnificent manner; on a large scale. "To go the whole figure," to go to the fullest extent in a speculation or an enterprise. "Go the whole figure for religious liberty; it has no meaning here where all are free; but it's a cant word and sounds well." (*Sam Slick*.) "Our senators go the big figure on

oysters and whisky-punch." (Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms.) "To go the whole hog," or "to go the entire animal," is another vulgarism of the same species which is sometimes heard in England.

"Gone coon," "a gone goose," "a gone gander," "a gone gosling," "a goner," are varieties of a phrase that was first brought into popularity by the story of a Colonel Scott, a Western hunter, whose aim with the rifle was so unerring, that a raccoon (a coon) upon a tree, at which he was going to fire, surrendered at discretion, after a short parley. "Are you Colonel Scott?" "Yes." "The famous Colonel Scott?" "Yes, so people say." "Don't fire, Colonel, I give in, I'm a gone coon!" In the West a hopelessly bad debt is called a "goner," something that is gone beyond the chance of recovery.

"Good as wheat" is another agricultural phrase, equivalent to the commercial one "as good as gold."

"Sound on the goose," or "all right on the goose," to be true to the principles of a political party. This phrase had its origin in Kansas, during the contentions in that state on the subject of the extension of negro slavery within its limits, and meant adhesion to slavery.

"A hard row to hoe;" an agricultural metaphor for a difficult task. "Gentlemen, I never opposed Andrew Jackson for the sake of popularity. I knew it was 'a hard row to hoe.'" (Colonel Crockett.) "To hoe one's own row," to attend to one's own business.

"Hurry up the cakes." During the winter season in America there is a great consumption of buck-wheat cakes at breakfast-time at

all the great hotels and boarding-houses. They are served hot, and fresh from the kitchen, and eaten with butter and syrup. Men of business, in haste to get breakfast over, make such continual appeals to the waiters to "hurry up the cakes," that the phrase has become the popular synonyme to command haste. If a steamboat is late in starting from the pier or wharf, an impatient passenger will call out, "Now then, captain, hurry up the cakes!" or a linen-draper's assistant, slow in exhibiting his fineries to a lady, is likely to be reminded that he should "hurry up the cakes."

"As big as all out of doors;" anything very large or important. "I will never truckle to any man, though he be as big as all out of doors." (McClintock's Tales.)

"To keep a stiff upper lip," to remain firm to a purpose, to keep up one's courage. "My friend, don't cry for spilt milk. Keep a stiff upper lip, and all will come right again." (Knickerbocker Magazine.)

"Knee high to a mosquito," very small; a phrase often used in speaking of a person whom one has known from infancy. "The lovely Mrs. Smith? Oh, yes, I knew her before she was knee high to a mosquito."

"Log-rolling" and "axe-grinding." These phrases are used in political parlance to signify the action of members of Congress, or of the local legislatures, when they have private purposes in view in their support of public measures; they also describe the personal motives of lawyers and others who introduce bills. When one member says to another, "Vote for my bill,

and I'll vote for yours," that is logging; and when a member supports a measure by which he expects to get a place for a friend or a relative, or gain some personal advantage for himself, "he has an axe to grind."

"Pipe-laying" is a political phrase which signifies the practice of procuring fraudulent votes, towards the close of a popular election, in sufficient number to turn the scale. "The result of the Pennsylvania election would not be in the least doubtful if we could be assured of fair play and no pipe-laying." (New York Tribune.)

"One horse;" an agricultural phrase, applied to anything small or insignificant, or to any inconsiderable or contemptible person: as a "one-horse town," a "one-horse bank," a "one-horse hotel," a "one-horse lawyer." A clergyman, deprecating the use of such attenuated expressions as "dang it!" "blow it!" "confound it!" described them as "one-horse oaths." The popularity of this phrase led to the coinage of its converse, to describe something that was great and magnificent. "Let us have no one-horse candidate for the Presidency. General Grant is the man. He is a whole team; a horse to spare, and a big dog under the wagon." (New York Herald.)

"Savage as a meat axe," to be very angry and violent. "It riled me so, that I just steps up to him, as savage as a meat axe, intending to kick him down stairs." (Sam Slick, Human Nature.)

"To row up Salt River," to court political defeat; "to be rowed up Salt River," to be politically defeated. If the defeat be very over-

whelming the unsuccessful party is said to be "rowed up to the very head waters of Salt River."

"To run one's face," to get goods on credit on the strength of your personal appearance. "Any man who can run his face for a card of pens, a quire of paper, and a pair of scissors, may set up for an editor, and by a loud, incessant bragging, may secure a considerable patronage." (N. York Tribune.)

"To shoot your grandmother," to make a great mistake, to be much disappointed, to do what you did not intend; sometimes used in the same sense as the English phrase "to find a mare's nest."

"Sirree, Bob;" an emphatic assent or negative. "Yes, sir!" is the first form; still more emphatic is, "Yes, sirree!" and most emphatic of all, "Yes, sirree, Bob!" In a case before a Baltimore court of justice the attention of the judge was called to a juryman who appeared to be intoxicated. The judge, addressing him, said, "Sir, are you drunk?" The man stood up in a defiant attitude, palpably drunk, and replied, "No, sirree, Bob!" "Well," said the judge, "I fine you ten dollars for disrespectful language to the court—five dollars for the ree and five for the Bob."

"Small potatoes;" anything or person that is small, contemptible, or petty. "I took to attending the Baptist meeting, because the Presbyterian minister is such small potatoes that it wa'n't edifying to sit under his preaching." (The Widow Bedott.) "Give us an honest old soldier for President, and none of your small-potato politicians and pettifogging lawyers." (N. Y. Herald.)

"Some pumpkins;" the converse

of small potatoes; something great and important. "Franklin was a poor printer's boy, and Washington only a land-surveyor, yet they grewed to be some pumpkins." (Sam Slick.)

"To stand up to the rack," to be up to the mark or point; to do what is expected of one, or what one has promised. "I began a new campaign at Washington. I had hard work to do; but I stood up to the rack, fodder or no fodder." (Colonel Crockett.)

"A surprise party." A party of persons who assemble by previous agreement at the house of one who does not expect them. These surprise parties are generally friendly, and organized for the purpose of presenting a poor lawyer or politician with a testimonial, a purse of money, or gift in kind, to supplement his income. There are surprise parties of a more disagreeable kind, as when a knot of people visit a negro who has had the audacity to make love to or insult a white girl, for the purpose of tarring and feathering, or driving him out of the town, with the menace of death, if he dare to return to it.

"Tall." This word was formerly the recognized slang for the talk of a braggart or a liar, but may be applied in every case where inordinateness, excessiveness, and great magnitude enter into the idea of the speaker. "He is the greatest pedestrian mentioned in the annals of tall walks." "If we don't come out in full force we'll have a tall fight with the gang." "The general found a whole potful of the tallest kind of jewels." "I shall walk tall into varmint and Indians; it's a way I've got."

"Three cheers and a tiger." After the usual three cheers at a convivial or other party, when in England there would be a call for the Kentish fire, or one cheer more, there is in America a call for the "tiger," a growl, like that of a wild animal, in which all the company take part. The "tiger" is very effective for its purpose.

"To take the back track," to recede from a false position after having gone too far; a phrase derived from the life of the hunter and trapper in the back settlements.

"To be up to the hub," to be in a difficulty, as the wheel of a vehicle is when imbedded to the centre in bog or mire.

"To wake up the wrong passenger," to make a mistake. It is the practice on board the "long-shore" steamers that make stoppages at all the ferries, villages, and towns on the route, to wake up such of the passengers as have reached their place of destination. Mistakes of course occur on these occasions; hence the phrase and its wider acceptance. Sam Slick, in his *Nature* and *Human Nature*, represents a Northern philanthropist condoling with a Southern slave on the miseries of his condition. "Massa," replied the negro, "you have waked up the wrong passenger dis time. I isn't poor. I get plenty to eat and plenty to drink. When I wants money missus give it to me."

"Whole soul'd," to be generous, genuine, noble-minded.

"The slate." The list of people recommended to office by a political party, as a reward for political services, real or imaginary. "A slate smasher," a president, or high official, who will not give places to

the nominees of the party. "Let General Grant be encouraged to smash the slate. He is a great slate-smasher." (*Cincinnati Enquirer*, March, 1869.)

"Clear the skirts," to vindicate the political character and clear it from taint. "He has not cleared his skirts from sympathy with the truth." "You do not in the least touch the question, nor do you clear the skirts of General Grant and of your party, for the basest treachery to the people." (*Letter in the New York Tribune*.)

Among other similes and metaphors in common use in America, and that differ from those ordinarily heard in England, may be cited: "As out of sorts as a downstream shad." "I'm as dry as the clerk of a lime-kiln." "As long as a thanksgiving sermon." "As sharp as the little end of nothing." "As slick as greased lightning." "As tight as the bark of a tree." "As wroth as a militia officer on training day." "As useless as

whistling psalms to a dead horse." "Thrashing around like a short-tailed bull in fly-time."

Dr. Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*, from which many of these words and phrases are quoted, was compiled in 1857-8, and published in 1860. It is a portly volume of five hundred and twenty pages, and contains, beside the undoubted Americanisms, great numbers of Scotch and English local words, that are wholly or partially obsolete at home, but have been revived with a new life in the new country to which they have been transplanted. Dr. Bartlett's book will doubtless be extended at an early period, as the last ten years have produced their own crop of words, uninvented at the time his amusing compilation was made. English slang grows fast in our days; but American slang grows infinitely faster, and has the merit of being a great deal more humorous and comic than the English article.

PEACE AMIDST STRIFE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusted in Thee." (*ISAIAH 26: 3.*)

CAN there be peace when through a mourning nation
 The hostile armies force their ruthless way?
 When all is gloom and fruitless desolation,
 When Hope itself can lend no sunny ray
 To pierce the darkness of the weary day:
 When men go forth to fight and women kneel to pray?

Spirit of War! evoked in storms and quarrels,
 Thy voice the cannon's thunder; and thy breath,
 E'en to the conquerors—'midst their blood-stained laurels—
 Has often proved the harbinger of death;
 Thy sable wings are spread above, beneath;
 For thousands thou hast made a pall and cypress wreath.

Yet there was peace, beyond thy wild dominions,
 When from the starry realms the angels sped,
 With snowy robes on swift and noiseless pinions,
 To fan with gentle breeze each prostrate head
 Of those who for their country's sake had bled,
 And to receive their souls when life's faint spark had fled.

Peace is with those whose quiet ministration
 The angels view with glad approving eyes;
 Sisters of mercy and of consolation,
 Who to the dying speak of fairer skies,
 Who tend the sufferer, when he helpless lies—
 To friend or foe devote a life of sacrifice.

Even within the darkened room of sadness,
 Where widows kneel and lonely orphans weep,
 'Midst those whose lives have lost their earthly gladness,
 Whose hopes are buried with the brave who sleep;
 Yes, even there is peace profound and deep,
 If hearts, thus sorely tried, their faith unaltered keep.

And there is peace beyond these fierce convulsions,
 Beyond these struggles and the foeman's thrall,
 There where no heart is torn by the revulsions
 From hope to anguish keen, if loved ones fall;
 Where is no clang of arms, nor bugle call,
 But an eternal calm is brooding over all.

Yearly the angels in the Land of Glory,
 Prepare their harps to hymn a Christmas strain,
 To tell once more the never-ending story
 First heard by shepherds on an Eastern plain,
 Which each succeeding year revives again,
 Whilst kingdoms pass away, and changeful seasons wane.

There is a peace, beyond the comprehension
 Of this world's knowledge and its boasted lore;
 Grant me Thy peace, O Lord! in full extension,
 When tumults rage upon our earthly shore,
 Until the strife is past, the conflict o'er,
 Until the endless peace is sealed forevermore!

TRINGANU.

It was a lovely afternoon in July; the sky was studded over with little feathery white clouds, and the monsoon blowing a fresh breeze, about as much as it was safe to carry royals on a wind with; the sea was nevertheless quite smooth, and the air of a delightful temperature.

Six weeks before this day we sailed from Hongkong, or rather, I should have said, we steamed; and ever since we had been struggling down the China Sea, now sailing a little, and now steaming a bit, against the most obstinate monsoon that ever blew. A monsoon, you must know, is a wind that blows for five months in the year from one direction, and for five more from the opposite, in the Indian Ocean and China Seas, changing in March and October. It varies in strength from a gentle air to a double-reef-topsail breeze, and even to a strong gale. At last, having burned all our coal, and our ship being a wretched sailer, and unable to progress a single mile under canvas against a contrary wind (I conceal her name, out of respect for her misfortunes, she having a broken back), we concluded that we must put in somewhere for supplies, as our water and provisions were running short. We were now among the Redang Islands, on the east of the Malay Peninsula, and our destination was Singapore; so it was decided to try Tringanu, the capital of a province of the Malay Peninsula of the same name, and situated on the sea-coast about thirty miles from our position on the morning of which I am writing.

For my own part, I felt very strong doubts as to the advisability of this proceeding, and entertained suspicions that the reception we were likely to meet with would be unfavorable, for the following reasons: Some few years previous to this, there had been a dispute between the government of Singapore and the Sultan of Tringanu, I believe on account of some refugee which the latter had sheltered. An expedition, consisting of three men-of-war, was sent against the Sultan Omar, to demand the person of the delinquent. The sultan either could not or would not give him up, so the ships were ordered to open fire, which they did, and in a few hours battered the defenceless town to ruins, without a single shot being fired in return. After this, it was only probable that the sultan would not be disposed to be friendly to an English vessel coming there in distress.

In spite of this, we determined to try, as it was almost our only hope; and with the assistance of the fore-and-aft sails, and the remains of our wood and coal, we reached the anchorage off the town between three and four in the afternoon. The captain then landed in one of the ship's boats, and was very graciously received by the sultan, who at once promised everything we required, and invited him to breakfast the next morning, asking him to bring his officers with him. Accordingly, at eight the next morning, having formed a little party, we left the ship, and pulled into the mouth of a river on

which the town was built. We took with us for an interpreter a Chinese boy called Ah-yung, who spoke Malay and broken, or, as it is called in China, "pidjin" English." We found at anchor in the river the sultan's yacht, a little three-masted schooner of about a hundred tons burden, and several prahus. As we pulled up the river towards the landing-place opposite the palace, we were followed by canoes innumerable, each of them "manned" by one or two boys. Some of the boys, I verily believe, were not more than three or four years of age, and some of the canoes were scarcely more than double the size of a butcher-boy's board. These little boats they handled with wonderful dexterity, easily overtaking the gig we were in, ranging up alongside us, crossing our bows in all directions, and vying with each other which should be nearest us. Every minute one of them would capsize, and the little fellows disappear for a moment in the muddy stream, but only to rise again, right the canoe, vault in, kick the water out with their nimble little feet, and then dig away again with their paddles to make up for lost ground. I believe it would be very little exaggeration to say that the children here cut their teeth one month, and learn to swim and paddle their own canoe the next.

Before we had gone far, we were met by a large royal canoe, about fifty or sixty feet long, beautifully carved, the bow resembling a dragon's head. This canoe was pulled by twenty or thirty paddles; and in the after-part, under a canopy, sat two of the sultan's sons and his grand-vizier. The canoe

had been sent by the sultan to convey us on shore, but as we were now close to the landing-place, we preferred remaining in our own boat. On landing, we were received by the sons of the sultan, who had preceded us, and they accompanied us up to the palace.

On the way, we noticed the ruin and destruction caused by the shot and shell from the English ships; houses all in ruins, trees knocked down, prahus that were in course of construction and canoes smashed to pieces, and the repairs which the palace itself had undergone only served to show how severely it had been handled by the Armstrongs. Arrived at the palace, we found a table and chairs placed for us in a verandah overlooking the palace-yard. Here, piled up, we observed some 110-pounder Armstrong shot, as well as some smooth-bore 68-pounder, kept probably as a pleasant reminiscence of a bygone day.

Making ourselves at home, we sat down in the chairs provided for us, and entered into conversation with the grand-vizier, who spoke a little broken English, he having spent a few months in Singapore. The subject of conversation was the Sultan Omar, whom the grand-vizier spoke very highly of, giving us to understand at the same time that he was a great invalid. In the meantime large numbers of natives collected in the palace-yard; and after saluting, by putting the palms of their hands flat together, and then bringing them up in that position to their face with the tips of the thumbs touching the lips, sat down, as if with the intention of viewing the festivities. At last the heads of all assembled went to

the ground as if by magic or machinery, and in walked the Sultan Omar of Tringanu. His sons and the grand-vizier made their salute and we made our best bows, and then, at his invitation, we re-seated ourselves. The Sultan commenced the conversation through the Chinese boy, by pointing to the piles of shot and asking if we knew how they came there; we replied in the affirmative, at the same time expressing our regret at the unfortunate circumstance. He told us that he was much surprised one day at the arrival of three English men-of-war, soon after which he was visited by a colonel and the commanders of the vessels, who came to demand him to give up some political offender, which he refused to do, on the plea that the man had eaten salt with him, and therefore it would be contrary to the rules of his religion to do so; moreover, he added, I always understood that England herself never refuses to harbor refugees. However, he said, it was all no use; they told me that they gave me until noon to decide, and if by that time I did not consent to their demands, they should open fire on the place. It appeared that the old sultan had entertained this colonel and the other officers at a breakfast, after which they went on board the ships. No sooner had they left, said the old man, than I ordered every one to leave the town, and to retire into the woods, where we remained as long as the firing lasted: shortly after this the vessel steamed away, and I and my people returned to our ruined homes.

I need hardly say how grieved we were at hearing the recital of

this outrage; the only explanation of which we could give was that it must have been a mistake—a poor comfort for Sultan Omar.

Fortunately, at this unpleasant time, in came a troop of servants carrying large brass trays on their heads, and on each of the trays four dishes; these were now placed on the table before us, and we were invited to commence. It would be next to impossible to enumerate all the different *plats* that were provided for this breakfast, the curries alone would occupy half a page. There was curried fish, curried flesh, and curried fowl, hot curry and mild curry, also curried fruits and vegetables. Then there were fowls and ducks, these were spiced, and cooked in a style quite new to all of us, but they were very good eating, nevertheless. We had mutton as well, at least a near approach to it, probably kid. Of course there was no bread, but a sort of semi-transparent wafer was handed about instead; it was almost tasteless, and although very strongly recommended by the old Sultan, I can't say we cared much for it. Our great difficulty was the want of salt; and we were doubtful if, as our host was a Mohammedan, it would be etiquette to ask for it. At last one of us discovered among the numerous dishes some hard-boiled eggs which were very salt; these we used instead, and a very fair substitute we found them. The drinkables consisted of bottled ale, raspberry vinegar, and water. The second course showed us that the Malay cooks knew something of confectionery as well as of cookery; for here, again, was such a collection of sweetmeats, cakes, and the like,

as would have made glad the hearts and had the stomachs of an army of English children. After all we had had before, we could not do much execution to these dainties, so they were quickly removed, after we had just tasted a few, which the Sultan pronounced to be "bargoosh."

Then the fruit came on: oranges, bananas, pineapples, durien, mangos, mangostine, limes, custard-apple, and several others of which I did not even know the names. While we were enjoying the fruit, the Sultan had caused several large boxes to be brought in, and he commenced unpacking them and showing us the contents. First, there was a large stereoscope with a hundred revolving views, and he seemed much pleased at our looking at them in turn; and having discovered that bargoosh meant in Malay "Very good," we frequently used this word while looking at the pictures, to his great delight. An air-gun of his was also brought out, which, I am sorry to say, was not "bargoosh," for it had been broken, and would no longer fire. Having no armorer on board, we were obliged to tell him that we could not get it repaired, at which he seemed rather disappointed. Next came, to our surprise, a bronze medal of the Great Exhibition of 1862, awarded to him by the Commissioners for Malay productions sent by him to the International Exhibition. Of this he seemed very proud, especially on noticing our expressions of surprise; this we also assured him was "bargoosh." But last of all came a present which I must say we were all quite unprepared to see; it was nothing less than an ink-

stand of cut glass, set in a stand of beautifully chased silver and gold; it was given to him, as we saw by the inscription on it, by Her Most Gracious Majesty, Lady Queen Victoria. After we had admired it some time, the Sultan asked us if we could explain to him why the Queen had sent him this present. The real reason we could not, of course, know for certain; but we told him that we had no doubt that it was sent as a mark of the friendship the Queen bore him. "Then why," said he, "did her ships come here and knock down my town?" And it was not without some difficulty that we explained to him that the Queen, in all probability, knew nothing whatever about the knocking the town down, until it was all done, even if she did then; but that it was the work of some of her servants, who were anything but "bargoosh." When he understood this, he seemed quite disappointed; as if, although it was doubtless bad to have your town knocked down by a mighty Queen, it was far worse when done by her servants only. To change this very unpleasant topic, the Sultan asked us if we could give him some music, as he was passionately fond of European music, having once heard a piano played when he was on board a P. and O. steamer, on a pilgrimage to Mecca. After a short consultation together, we agreed to send our boat on board to get an harmonium which we had with us, and to bring it on shore together with the steward who could play it. This we did; and while we were waiting for it, we smoked some of the Sultan's No. 2 Manilla cheroots, and he made us a few presents. I got a

piece of silk, a very pretty little knife of native manufacture, and a little snuff-box of a beautiful yellow wood that I never saw before.

The grand-vizier came round to where I was sitting, and explained to me that the Sultan was much pleased with me, and that if I liked, he would give me a monkey four feet high, and as strong as two men. I at once closed with this offer, and two men were sent after the monster; but as he never turned up, I am afraid that the Malays must have met with a stile on their way home with this gentleman, over which he, like the swine in the story of the "old woman and her pig," refused to get; at any rate, I trust the Malays discovered a stick, and that the stick did its duty, for I was much disappointed at losing Jacko.

The boat having returned, we got up the harmonium and the boat's crew to sing; and the music soon soothed away any remains of soreness felt by the Sultan, and brought back by the reminiscence of his ill treatment. The songs that pleased him most were *So Early in the Morning* and *Champagne Charley*, which he encored several times. He then had dinner provided for the boat's crew, during which he attempted to play the harmonium, watching the blue-jackets at their meal the while. His exclamations of "bar-goosh" were frequent at the way the hungry tars disposed of the good things set before them. Our supplies being all on board, and a favorable breeze having sprung up, the captain determined to sail; so, in spite of the Sultan's many and pressing invitations for us to stay a week with him, we were obliged

to wish him good-bye, and take ourselves on board again. Arrived on board, we found our bunkers filled with dry cut wood, also a considerable quantity of it stowed on deck, our tanks full of water, a bullock, some goats, fowls, ducks, eggs, and abundance of fruit and vegetables. For this the Sultan would take no payment. Yes, I tell it to our shame, this old man, a semi-barbarian, black, and a Mohammedan, who had been so shamefully treated by our own countrymen, refused payment for these supplies. He found us empty, he sent us away full. The only thing he would take was our photographs and a few bottles of wine.

We were soon under way again, but our favorable breeze died away, and our old enemy the monsoon returned. We had to fight it for nearly a fortnight before we reached our destination.

Since I returned home, I was one day staying at a hotel in a neighboring city, and for want of something else to do while waiting for a steamer, was looking through a book which was lying on the table in which the visitors at the hotel inscribed their names, &c., when what should I see but "The Ambassador of the Sultan of Tringanu!" On making inquiries, I found it was none other than our old friend the grand-vizier. I wonder if he has brought my monkey with him. So, should any of my readers see a man dressed in a sarong, with a creese stuck in it, and a monkey four feet high with him, please ask him if he is the grand-vizier, and if the monkey is for me, and let me know.

THE ANCIENT PAINTINGS FOUND IN THE SUBTERRANEAN BASILICA OF ST. CLEMENT IN ROME.

BETWEEN the Coliseum and the Cathedral Basilica of the Lateran, *omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput*, opposite the fortified monastery of the Four Crowned Martyrs, where Robert Guiscard took up his quarters when he came to succor Gregory VII, on the site of St. Clement's paternal house at the foot of the Coelian hill, was erected a Church dedicated to God in honor of that illustrious Pope and Martyr, which was held to be one of the most venerable in Rome, and the most perfect in its ancient Catholic Basilican type. Clement the Pope, Clement the Consul, Ignatius of Antioch, were the Martyrs whose relics hallowed it, Servulus of Rome and Cyril of Slavonia, were the Confessors whose remains enriched it. St. Jerome spoke of its guarding St. Clement's memory up to his day. It was witness to the condemnation of the Scotch Pelagian Celestius under Pope St. Zosimus. St. Leo the Great, whose name is on a slab found in the reliquary beneath the high altar, and Pope St. Symmachus, made mention of it. It had resounded to the preaching of St. Gregory the Great. Other Popes honored and adorned it. It was then a lesson of modesty to the antiquary, and a cause of thankfulness to Divine Providence, when, in 1857, the real Constantinian Basilica, to which alone these facts applied, was discovered, purposely filled up with earth, beneath the present structure. Massaccio's history of St. Catharine of

Alexandria had seemed ancient: here below are fragments of paintings and some admirably preserved compositions dating from the third to the ninth or tenth century, marble columns precious and unique, the ruined walls, and portions of the mosaic pavement, of a primitive Basilica, abandoned and unknown for nearly a thousand years. The task of removing the rubbish, with which it was filled, was much less than that of supplying masonry to support the upper church. It is, however, now about completed, thanks to the munificent donations of Pius IX., and the generous contributions of many lovers of archaeological science, Protestant as well as Catholic.

Beneath, and accessible to the visitor, have been discovered three walls that respectively belong to the three distinct periods of the history of Pagan Rome; the imperial, republican, and kingly. The brick wall is supposed to belong to Clement's house; it is not known for what purpose the travertine wall served; the *tufo lithoide* wall is, with great probability, said to be part of the walls of Servius Tullius. Several chambers, considered to be the original chambers of the house of Clement, exist below the unearthed Basilica. The rare and precious pillars of this venerable temple are still in their places, partly hidden by ancient piers of brick built to strengthen the edifice. These served as the ground for a series of very remarkable frescoes,

unique in the history of Christian art, and most interesting inasmuch as many of them are votive pictures. They are certainly the earliest and largest Christian wall paintings we know of outside the catacombs, and, independently of religious interest, curious and valuable for the history of art, as it came forth from its catacombic recesses, and passed through the hands of the early Italian painters into the modern school. They have been carefully and well copied in color, and photographs made from the copies. As a matter of interest to the lovers of art, or those who may take an interest in the paintings thus discovered, we give a slight consecutive notice of most of them.

NORTHERN AISLE.

FIRST PICTURE FOUND.

Martyrdom of St. Catharine of Alexandria, supposed to be the oldest of this subject in existence. Her history is painted by Masaccio in the church above. This noble and learned lady braved the brutal passion of the Emperor Maximin, converted the heathen philosophers who argued against Christianity, was tortured upon the wheel, and beheaded in 310. In 313, Maximin was defeated by Licinius, lost the Empire, and died in misery at Tarsus. Writers have said that this saint was not venerated in Europe before the second crusade; a mistake, perhaps, arising from her relics having been given to Robert, Duke of Normandy, by a monk from Palestine, at the close of the eleventh century. The first crusade promoted by Peter the Hermit, was agreed upon at Clermont, in 1095; and it was in the eighth cen-

tury, when the Saracens oppressed the Christians in Egypt, that her body was translated to the monastery on Sinai in Arabia, first built by the Empress St. Helen and afterwards beautified by the Emperor Justinian, as several old inscriptions and mosaic pictures testify. The fresco we are treating of is little more than an outline, and was probably done between the seventh and eighth centuries. The centre has perished. On the left she stands arguing before the judge; on the right tied naked to the wheel, three angels advance to deliver her; below she is decapitated. St. Paul of Latra in Bithynia, celebrated her festival with great solemnity and devotion. The principal part of her mortal remains is still preserved in a marble urn in the church dedicated to her on Mount Sinai; for an account of which see "*Dr. Richard Pocock's Travels*," vol. i, page 140.

II.

NICHE OF THE MADONNA.

When first discovered, this painting of Our Lady was concealed by another, much ruder, painted upon a coat of plaster, which fell away. On the arch is the head of the Saviour, beardless, like that in the catacombs. On the left side Abraham brandishing the sword to strike; in the other hand was a chalice, overflowing with blood, which has fallen away. On the opposite right side the angel is shielding Isaac. "Lay not thy hand upon the boy, neither do thou anything to him; now I know that thou fearest God, and hast not spared thy only begotten son for my sake." (Gen. 20: 12.) The true child of sacrifice, sitting on

his mother's lap, and holding a scroll in his left hand, while his right is raised in the attitude of blessing. The throne is highly ornamented, and the headdress of the Virgin Mother jewelled. High upon the walls that support the vault of this niche, and opposite each other, are the figures of two female saints, with jewelled crowns surmounted by crosses. That on the left of the spectator is St. Catharine, and the one on the right St. Euphemia, the famous virgin martyr of Chalcedon. Her church was in Rome under St. Gregory the Great in 600, who delivered two homilies in St. Clement's; and this picture is probably of the same age.

III.

This large picture is difficult to explain. From the symmetrical arrangement of the heads, which are well executed and preserved, nineteen in one group, and thirty-one in the other, the rest being destroyed which occupied the centre, the subject was a public spectacle; probably the council held by Pope St. Zosimus, in this church in 417, to condemn the Pelagian heresy. On the right is a steelyard equally poised, with the inscription "*stateram auget modium justum*;" a just measure increases the beam. As this seems the entrance, there may be an allusion to that sentence quoted so often by St. Clement, "The city set upon the mount cannot be hidden; nor do they light a candle and put it under the *modium*, but upon a *candelabrum*, that it may shine to all who are in the house, that those who are entering in may see the light." In his first epistle to James, St. Clement is represented

as directing the priests to hear the business of the brethren instead of secular judges. Moreover, "*pondera, mensuras stateras pro locis quibusque aequissima custodite: deposita fideliter restituite.*" Weights, measures, steelyards, keep most accurate for every place: deposits faithfully restore.

IV.

A mutilated figure of the Saviour, blessing with his right hand, and holding in his left two books placed over each other, probably representing the books of the Old and New Testament. This fresco is rudely painted, and the only thing that enhances its artistic value is the gracefully executed arabesque border that surrounds it.

V.

SOUTHERN AISLE.

The wall at the end of this aisle, near the high altar, contains some fragments of the paintings which covered it. Two feet on the cross reversed indicate the crucifixion of St. Peter. Below, mutilated figures of saints with haloes, and an angelic face of rare beauty. A large globe, four small ones, and two birds pecking at streams of light which descend curling from the large globe, probably symbols of souls pecking at the light of truth. In the centre the mystic lamb was placed in a circle. On the left St. Cyril, with the name written vertically behind him, kneels before the Emperor Michael the Third, previous to starting for his mission to the Chazari in 848. Above are two angels. At right angles this great Apostle of the Slavonians is baptizing a person of barbaric type, the Cham of

the Chazari, or, perhaps, Boigoris, Michael king of the Bulgarians, who after Cyril's death renounced his crown, and became a monk, about 880. If the pictures referring to St. Cyril were painted upon his death in Rome they are of the end of the ninth century.

VI.

On a pilaster, St. Antoninus, perhaps the martyr under Diocletian. The ascetic Daniel, who would not be defiled with the king's table, and asked to be fed upon pulse and water; for which he received understanding of visions and dreams, and in answer to prayer explained Nabuchodonosor's dream of the four temporal kingdoms and Christ's indestructible kingdom in the church. Under Darius the princes said "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, unless, perhaps, concerning the law of his God." They procured an edict that whoever for thirty days asked anything of God or man, except of the king, should be cast into the lion's den. By private prayer Daniel resisted this impious attempt to set royal power above the providence of God, was sealed in the den and miraculously delivered. The ephod is upon his breast. Two lions lick his feet. His arms are outstretched in the attitude of prayer, and his eyes are raised to heaven. *St. Daniel*, St. Daniel, is written under his feet. Underneath is a beautiful border, and lower down still a group of five lions; four of which have their mouths open, and seem eager to pounce on their prey. The sublime dignity of the prophet forms a striking contrast with the ferocious aspect of the beasts.

VII.

On the next pilaster St. Aegidius, St. Giles, the celebrated Athenian hermit, whose extraordinary piety and learning drew the admiration of the world upon him, so that finding it impossible to enjoy in his own country that retirement and obscurity which were the great objects of his desires on earth, he went to Nismes, where he led a solitary life, towards the end of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth century. He was greatly venerated in France and England. Below is St. Blase, Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, where he was martyred in 316. He is extracting a thorn from a boy's throat, who is supported by his mother. He was patron of the guild of wool-combers at Norwich, who kept his feast in the last century. In Rome upon his festival (February 3d), which is celebrated in the church of St. Maria in Via Lata, where St. Paul was lodged, a relic of his throat is venerated, and, also, in a church dedicated to him in the Via Giulia, persons with diseased throats are touched with another relic. The wolf carrying away the pig refers to a story of his youth.

VIII.

We are now under the Chapel of St. Catharine. St. Gregory the Great, who wrote to St. Augustine of Canterbury to be humble under the gift of miracles, with which God graced him for the conversion of the Angli, has recounted the miracles of St. Benedict in his dialogues. Here are depicted three others relating to the Benedictine Abbey of Fondi in Campania. Libertinus, a holy monk, had such veneration for Honoratus, the deceased abbot,

that he always carried a clog of his in his bosom. Honoratus's successor, enraged one day against Libertinus, took up a stool and beat him with it. Touched with remorse by the humility of Libertinus, who returned to speak to him about some monastic duty, he rose from his seat, prostrated himself at his feet, and begged his pardon. On another occasion, as Libertinus was going on business of his monastery to Ravenna, a woman seized his horse by the bridle, and insisted that he should restore her child to life. The holy monk laid Honoratus's clog upon the boy's breast, and he was forthwith restored to life. The third story, St. Gregory says, was told him by the superior of the monastery, whom he knew very well. The gardener was annoyed by a thief breaking the inclosure to steal vegetables. He ordered a snake which he happened to see to guard the place. The thief mounted the hedge as usual, took fright at the snake, and fell so that his foot caught, and he could not escape. The monk on returning released him, and told him if he wanted vegetables again he would give them, to prevent the sin of theft. The choice of these subjects may suggest that they were painted after St. Gregory's death in 604.

IX.

NAVE.

INSTALLATION OF ST. CLEMENT
BY ST. PETER.

Here we have a large and well-preserved series of paintings. On a pilaster near the high altar, St. Peter is installing Clement, and investing him with the *pallium*, symbol of universal jurisdiction, whilst

Linus and Cletus stand on either side of the throne, but in lower positions than Peter and Clement, who are on the same level. Two priests in the vestments of their order, and two soldiers in Roman military costume.

CENTRAL COMPARTMENT.

MIRACULOUS CONVERSION OF
SISINIUS.

The interior of a church lighted with seven lamps, symbols of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. St. Clement in his pontifical robes saying Mass at the altar, which is covered with a plain white linen cloth, and upon it are the missal, the chalice, and paten. Above is a circular lamp, "*Pharum cum coronâ*," with seven small lights. Sisinius, the husband of the convert Theodora, has intruded upon the mysteries, and been struck blind. Two youths, one of whom gazes earnestly in his face, are leading him to the open door. He afterwards recovered his sight through the prayers of St. Clement and Theodora, and embraced the Christian faith. On the other side are the ministers of the altar, and among them two bishops with croziers in their hands, the deacon, and subdeacon holding the censer in his right hand and the incense box in his left. All have the circular tonsure, and the Pope in addition to the tonsure has the nimbus or glory, symbol of sanctity. In front of the ministers are the figures of a man and woman holding in their hands lighted twisted tapers. They are the donors of the picture, as we learn from the inscription underneath, which says, "I, Beno Derapiza, with Mary my wife, for the love of God and Blessed Clement." An elegant border sepa-

rates this from the badly painted lower subjects.

Sisinius, in military costume, is giving directions to three men who are engaged in raising a column. All have their names written by them, Carvoncelle, Cosmaris, and Albertel. The moral appears under the arches. "For the hardness of your hearts you have deserved to draw stones."

X.

ST. ALEXIS.

This great picture, the colors of which are almost as fresh as they were the day they had been laid on, represents the life of the popular Roman saint, St. Alexis, who is honored in the calendars of the Greeks, Syrians, Maronites, and Armenians. Three subjects in one. The ornamentation is peculiarly elegant, especially the lower panel of garlands of flowers, fruit, and birds.

In the upper compartment our Lord sits on a magnificent and richly decorated throne, holding an open book in his hand, on the pages of which are written "*fortis ut vincula mortis*," strong as bonds of death. On either side of Him stand the archangels with their golden censers, Michael the champion of the Church, and Gabriel who told the humble handmaid that she was to be the Mother of God. The martyred Pope St. Clement is placed next to Michael; St. Nicholas, Pope and Confessor, next to Gabriel.

The central compartment is illustrative of the life of St. Alexis, who lived in the beginning of the fifth century. Devoted to the poor, averse to the world, on his marriage day he fled to lead a virgin life

dedicated to God. He was similar to St. John Calybite of Constantinople in the same age, who secretly sought the Acaemetes monastery; after six years returned as a beggar and subsisted by his parents' charity in a hut near their house, discovering himself in his last agony to his mother. The extraordinary call to be a mendicant hermit in our own age was seen in blessed Benedict Labrê, who lived thus for many years in Rome. In the central compartment we see Alexis, on his return from Palestine, in the garb of a pilgrim, with his wallet and staff, asking hospitality of his father, the senator Euphimianus, who is pointing to his palace on the Aventine, and evidently saying to him, "That is my residence; in it you shall find an asylum." The forlorn bride is looking from the balcony. St. Alexis remained unknown in his father's palace for a good many years, during which time he wrote a history of his life. At length having got sick, and knowing that his last moments were drawing near, he requested to see the Pope. St. Boniface the First, who then governed the Church, having heard of the pilgrim's request, went to visit him, accompanied by the Roman clergy and his cross-bearer. The moment the dying pilgrim saw the Pope, he consigned to him the manuscript, which he would not confide to other hands, and expired. His poor father was present on that occasion, not knowing, of course, who the dying man was. The Pope is leaning over him giving the last absolution with his right hand. A little more to the right of the spectator is represented the recognition of the noble pilgrim saint. He is laid on a bier,

covered with a red cloth decorated with crosses, and birds carrying lilies, symbols of purity, in their beaks; his former bride covers his face with kisses, and his aged parents, unable any longer to restrain their anguish, tear their hair through grief for not having known him.

XI.

CRUCIFIXION, ETC., ETC.

A group of subjects probably arranged in connection with St. Prosper to vindicate original sin and sacramental grace. First, the Crucifixion, the oldest known mural painting of that event, referring to the atonement of original and actual sins. Our Lady, full of grace, and the Evangelist of the divine Word made man, with the gospel roll in his hand, are praying to Christ upon the cross.

Secondly, the hope of Christians in that resurrection without which all is in vain, indicated by the two Marys at the sepulchre, before which a lamp is burning. The angel is warning them that it is not in the tomb they are to seek him. "He has arisen, He is not here."

In the central compartment, our Lord, with a grave and affectionate action, in his glorified state, indicated by the azure nimbus in which he is enveloped, has entered Limbo and is raising Adam by the hand, while Eve extends her arms in supplication towards him.

The word "*Architriclinus*," written vertically over the head of the man addressing Our Lord, in the lowest compartment, identifies the miracle at Cana. The suggestive part of Our Lady in that type of the Blessed Eucharist is shown by her position next to Christ. And the

representation of the type itself, referring to the greatest and most fruitful of sacramental means following upon the holocaust of the cross, reminds us that in Adam all have sinned, stand in need of assisting grace, and may, if they please, receive it from the hands of the priest in the Church, as Adam did from the great High Priest Himself.

XII.

ST. PROSPER OF AQUITAINE.

Morgan, a Welsh monk of Bangor, who called himself Pelagios, and Celestius, "a fellow," says St. Jerome, "fed upon Scotch porridge," denied original sin and the necessity of divine grace to initiate a virtuous life. St. Augustine confuted them and Pope Zosimus condemned them in 417. Pope Celestine sent St. Germanus of Auxerre as his vicar to England, and at Verulam, now St. Alban's, the Pelagians were signally discomfited. St. Prosper, who was living in Provence, finding some French priests infested with Pelagianism, wrote to St. Augustine and became an active opponent of that heresy. When St. Leo the Great became Pope in 440, he invited him to Rome, and made him his secretary. Celestine had the Council of Ephesus painted in the cemetery of Priscilla; but if the council held in St. Clement's against the Pelagians was ever painted in that church, it has perished. The only memorial remaining is this portrait of St. Prosper with his name written upon it. He wrote in Latin verse, of which these lines are a sample.

Pestem subeuntem prima recidit
Sedes Roma Petri, quae pastoralis honoris
Facta caput mundi quicquid non possidet armis
Religione tenet.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA TO THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN. By REV. T. NOETHEN. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1870. 12mo., pp. 587.

There is a general impression among Catholics, that the study of ecclesiastical history pertains chiefly and solely to theologians, and that it has few or no claims on the attention of general readers. False as this idea is, it nevertheless seems to have gained ground in quarters where we should least expect to find it. Comparatively few Catholic institutions of learning include in their course of instruction this important study, though they bestow a full share of attention upon profane and civil history. Our students become thoroughly conversant with the annals of every petty ancient and modern state, and commit to memory interminable lists of puerile rulers, but they lack a like proficiency in the history of that kingdom which is destined to survive all others, and few can trace the unbroken line that links Pius IX with Peter.

We are at a loss to account for such neglect. Is it because the history of the Church is uninteresting? No, for in addition to the particular interest which surrounds the Church as a divine institution putting forth a wonderfully powerful influence on all human affairs, her history embraces the history of the world, because of this influence and power she has exerted on every age since her foundation. Is it because her history does not concern us in particular? But we are her children. We are citizens of this City of God, and, as the story of a mother's life and the records of his country's struggles and triumphs, must, of necessity, awaken interest in the bosom of a son and a patriot, so does the his-

tory of the Church directly address our sympathy and attention.

The cause, probably, of the little interest shown by the majority of Catholics, in this regard, has been the want of a comprehensive and well-written compendium of ecclesiastical history. True, Gahan and Reeve have partially supplied this want, but one is prosy and the other inaccurate. Translations of histories written by foreign authors have appeared from time to time, but, with the exception of Darras, none have proved acceptable, and Darras's admirable work is wholly unsuited for a textbook.

Noethen's Compendium is, we believe, the best yet presented to the American public. Its author has shown great judgment in the selection and arrangement of the most important events in the history of the Church, and he describes them in a simple, concise, and not inelegant style. The prominence given to the more modern history of the Church, and the fuller details presented on the heresies and errors of the present age, render his work a book for the times. We are particularly pleased with the epitome of the decisions and decrees of the Council of Trent. The sketch of the Catholic Church in the United States, is also highly interesting and useful.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. have left nothing to be desired in the mechanical execution of the book.

THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871. 12mo., pp. 372.

This is the title of a book which we have perused with attention and pleasure. It is an inquiry into the nature of those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived. The author's aim, as he tells us, was to discover

the meaning concealed under the sublime figures in which the Scriptures describe the Heavenly Jerusalem. In his expositions, explanations, and reflections, he has followed the teachings of the most approved theologians. The chapters on the Beatific Vision, the beauty and glory of the risen body, social joys in heaven, and the special glory awarded to different kinds of sanctity, are particularly fine. To perceive the purity and spirituality of the Catholic faith and teaching on Heaven, we have only to compare this beautiful treatise with the Swedenborgian rhapsodies of the book called "Gates Ajar," which produced so profound an impression in the Protestant religious world last year.

Murphy has brought out the book in excellent style.

ROME AND GENEVA. A Letter by a young student of law (M. FONTAINE) to MM. MERLE D'AUBIGNE and BUNGENER. With an Introduction by the Most Rev. ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE. Pamphlet. Murphy & Co. Baltimore. 1871.

This letter is an irrefragable chain of syllogisms presented by a young student of law to several Calvinistic ministers of Geneva, who, prior to the assembling of the Vatican Council, delivered courses of lectures on the "Abominations of Popery." The introduction of Archbishop Spalding furnishes some interesting particulars concerning Genevan Protestantism.

BIBLE HISTORY; containing the most remarkable events of the Old and New Testament, prepared for the use of Catholic Schools in the United States. By Rev. R. GILMOUR. Benziger Brothers, New York. 12mo., pp. 336.

Father Gilmour's book has received the approbation of experienced teachers, and is used as a scriptural text-book in nearly all Western Catholic Sunday-schools. The zeal of our "separated brethren" in preparing books and pa-

pers for their Sabbath-school children, should serve as a stimulus to us, especially when such admirable publications as Father Gilmour's "History" are within our reach.

THE CATHOLIC CRUSOE: Adventures of Owen Evans, Navy Surgeon's Mate, set ashore on a desolate island in the Caribbean Seas, A.D. 1739. Edited by W. H. ANDERDON, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

If the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" needed additional confirmation, this remarkable story could furnish it. Confronted with Owen Evans, the original Robinson Crusoe would "hide his diminished head." As a substitute for Defoe's fiction, we cordially recommend this interesting narrative.

AFTERNOONS WITH THE SAINTS. By W. H. ANDERDON, D.D. Benziger Brothers, Cincinnati and New York.

Dr. Anderdon has brought within the compass of a small book a number of singularly pleasing and edifying stories of the saints.

THE PARADISE OF THE EARTH; or, The True Means of Finding Happiness in the Religious State. Translated from the French of the Abbé Sanson, by Rev. F. I. SISK. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. New York Catholic Publication Society. 1870. 12mo., pp. 528.

This excellent work contains the thoughts, maxims, and instructions which the great masters of the spiritual life have laid down for the guidance of souls that embrace the religious state.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By S. FRANCO, S.J. Baltimore: Murphy. 12mo., pp. 305.

We cannot recommend this book too earnestly to the perusal and patronage of Catholics.

A Comprehensive Review of the Life and Works of the late Father Faber is in course of preparation for this magazine.

